

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

I.

I HAVE been engaged for ten years in teaching history at one of our great universities. The period has been critical in our academical development. The studies of Cambridge have in this time become more wide and various than ever before, and among other new disciplines that of history has acquired influence and organisation. Not only do many students now devote almost their whole time to this study, struggling for historical honours with the ambition which twenty years ago no subjects but mathematics and classics could inspire, but—what interests me still more—there has formed itself among the graduates, and in the teaching class of the University, a group of specialists, small as yet, but full of ardour, and steadily increasing in number, whose lives are devoted to historical study in the most comprehensive sense of the word. They move in no rut, and are cramped by no limitations; they wrestle freely with the question—What is the object of history, and what is its method? How ought it to be studied, and how ought it to be taught?

These papers will present some of the more general views about the study and teaching of history which have been reached by one of these specialists. They will have at once a scientific and an educational bearing. They will be

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addressed in the first instance neither to the general reader nor to the pure scientific theorist, but rather to those engaged in the higher education—those who inquire practically what place history is to fill in our national culture, and how the teaching of it as already established in schools and universities, and also in literature, may be made more reasonable and more useful.

Two broad movements are now observable in the historical world. One aims at making history accessible and readable, the other aims at giving it the exactness of a science. I can most easily explain my own view by making some observations upon these two movements in turn. Let us look first at the great effort that has been made to popularise history and bring it within the reach of all the world. We have all heard how the romances of Walter Scott brought history home to people who would never have looked into the ponderous volumes of professed historians, and many of us confess to ourselves that there are large historical periods which would be utterly unknown to us but for some story either of the great romancer or one of his innumerable imitators. Writers, as well as readers, of history were awakened by Scott to what seemed to them the new discovery that the great personages of history were after all men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves. Hence in all later

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historical literature there is visible the effort to make history more personal, more dramatic than it had been before. We can hardly read the interesting *Life of Lord Macaulay* without perceiving that the most popular historical work of modern times owes its origin in a great measure to the *Waverley Novels*. Macaulay grew up in a world of novels; his conversation with his sisters was so steeped in reminiscences of the novels they had read together as to be unintelligible to those who wanted the clue. His youth and early manhood witnessed the appearance of the *Waverley Novels* themselves. Year after year he saw history made the fashion by this fascinating pen, and historical persons, Louis XI. or the Stuart kings, made as *real*—for this is the phrase we commonly use—as only imaginary persons, Achilles or Lear or Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe, had ever been to the majority of mankind before. Macaulay tells us himself that in his rambles about the streets of London his brain was commonly busy in composing imaginary conversations among historical persons; these conversations, he says, were like those in the *Waverley Novels*. Thus trained, he became naturally possessed by the idea which is expressed over and over again in his essays, and which at last he realised with such wonderful success, the idea that it was quite possible to make history as interesting as romance. There is perhaps something a little odd, when we think of it, in the notion that what is real may, by proper skill in the handling, be brought home to us as much as if it were imaginary. Novelists had before been praised for the magic skill with which they had made fiction look like truth. In a bookish age there was room for a magician who should reverse this feat, and charm mankind equally by making truth look like fiction.

Macaulay is only the most famous of a large group of writers who have been possessed with the same idea.

As Scott founded the historical romance, he may be said to have founded the romantic history. And to this day it is an established popular opinion that this is the true way of writing history, only that few writers have genius enough for it. The characters, it is thought, should start into life at the historian's touch. His descriptions, it is thought, cannot be too vivid, nor his narrative too exciting. As the object of a book is to be read, it is clear, so runs the popular argument, that the best book is that which is most readable. It is inconceivable to the popular mind that a man should write a book which it is difficult to read, when he might have written a delightful and fascinating one. A historical work therefore written in these days, if it is only as interesting as histories used to be before the days of Scott and Macaulay, or if it is at all difficult to read, is popularly regarded as missing its mark. It is taken for granted that the writer meant it to be like a romance, only he wanted imagination; of course he did not mean it to be tough reading, only he was stupid, and had not the talent of explaining things clearly. In like manner I have observed that many teachers of history take it for granted that the problem before them is how to present history in a form which shall be attractive to their pupils, how to appeal to their imaginations. They say that they find some parts of history leave their pupils cold, but others visibly take hold of them, fix their attention, kindle the eye, and make the breath come quick; and they infer, as a matter of course, that these interesting parts should be selected for teaching, and the uninteresting parts passed over.

Now this popular opinion is plausible enough, particularly when we consider how history first began, and what its object was for many ages supposed and assumed to be. Is it not the function of Clio to keep alive the memory of famous deeds? and is she

not a Muse? Evidently then she must speak to the great world, and with the sound of a trumpet. It is not her part to plod along the ground in creeping prose; her sphere is the open sky, and she moves upon the wings of poetry. There is much reason in this; and it is most right and desirable that there should always be historians of the type of Macaulay. Noble deeds should be told in splendid language; great events should pass before us in swelling and stately narrative. Nay, even the historical romance perhaps has its place, though that is more doubtful. The element of falsity that will creep in where pleasure, rather than truth, is the object, is here admitted too freely; in critical times like these the mature taste rebels against flights of imagination which in Shakspeare's time, when all history was but a proud tradition, were natural. But boys and girls at any rate need not be grudged their historical romance, and one would pity the boy that had not read *Ivanhoe*, in spite of its historical blunders.

On the other hand it must be urged against this kind of history that very few subjects or periods are worthy of it. Once or twice there have appeared glorious characters whose perfection no eloquence can exaggerate; once or twice national events have arranged themselves like a drama, or risen to the elevation of an epic poem. But the average of history is not like this; it is indeed much more ordinary and monotonous than is commonly supposed. The serious student of history has to submit to a disenchantment like that which the experience of life brings to the imaginative youth. As life is not much like romance, so history when it is studied in original documents looks very unlike the conventional representation of it which historians have accustomed us to. It is much more uniform and ruled by routine; there is less in it both of virtue and vice, of extraordinary wisdom or insane folly, than is

supposed. You are at first disposed to ask yourself what can be the use of mastering a mass of detail at once so intricate and so dull; you do not recognise there the splendid things, nor yet the interesting things, which historians profess to have discovered. Where they saw an act of heroic virtue, you find only an ordinary piece of official routine; the crime which they denounced in tragic tones turns out, when you understand the point of view of the accused person, to have been a perfectly natural action. And where some great event has happened, a nation gloriously emancipated, or falling ignominiously, you do not find the proportion you expected between the events themselves, and the actors in them. This man, whom posterity execrates as the author of a nation's ruin, turns out to have been a very respectable and intelligent person; that admired liberator or worshipped triumphator you find to have been wholly uninteresting. In short you find the maxim that "historical personages were men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves" to be for most practical purposes untrue.

What is perhaps more annoying still, you find that on many of the questions which it would be most interesting to decide, no conclusion whatever is attainable. In the way of making history as interesting as romance, there is not only the obstacle that the persons and events very often turn out on examination to have been actually uninteresting, but also another obstacle. The romancer is never troubled by want of knowledge; he knows everything, all the family relations, all the intimate thoughts of his personages. Whatever the reader wants to know, he can tell him; he can supply whatever is necessary to create a complete and satisfying impression on the reader's imagination. But the historian knows very little. Of the real facts, of the lives of his personages, only a

contemptibly small fragment has been preserved. No doubt, if his imagination be strong, he will piece together the information he has, and instinctively shape for himself some theory which will combine them all; but if his judgment be as strong as his imagination, he will hold very cheap these conjectural combinations, and will steadfastly bear in mind that, as a historian, he is concerned with facts, and not with possibilities.

I cannot but think that the splendid success of Macaulay and some others in making history interesting has done a mischief which it is now very difficult to repair. It has spoiled the public taste, and in the natural course this corruption has reacted upon the writers of history. It has given currency to a notion that the seriousness of the old historic style is as much out of date as the old stage-coach. In a sense this is true; no one would complain of Macaulay for laughing as he does at "the dignity of history," if he had in view only the solemn diplomatic airs of the old school, and the etiquette which forbade them to use plain words, or speak of plain things. But an impression has been produced that he has laid down a royal road to historical knowledge, and it is therefore necessary to say once again that there are no royal roads to knowledge. We must all of us know well enough of what heavy stuff history is made; acts of parliament, budgets and taxation, currency, labyrinthine details of legislation and administration; topics, in short, which become the most tiresome in the world as soon as they have passed from the order of the day. Nevertheless we imagine that since Macaulay's time it has become possible to deal with all these ponderous matters in a satisfactory manner, and yet never inflict on the reader the most passing sensation of effort or fatigue. He shall be put in possession of all that he can need to know, and yet be troubled with no tiresome statistics or bewildering

details. To him, by some magic, parliamentary debates shall be always lively, officials always men of strongly-marked, interesting character. There shall be nothing to remind him of the blue-book or the law-book, nothing common or prosaic; but he shall sit as in a theatre and gaze at splendid scenery and costume. He shall never be called upon to study or to judge, but only to imagine and enjoy. His reflexions, as he reads, shall be precisely those of the novel-reader; he shall ask—Is this character well drawn? is it really amusing? is the interest of the story well sustained, and does it rise properly towards the close? The final result is that to the general public no distinction remains between history and fiction. That the history is true and well-authenticated, that the proper authorities have been consulted as a matter of course, they make no doubt. All such matters they leave to the historian, whom they assume to understand his business, and they feel particularly obliged to him for not troubling them with details about them. History in short is deprived of any, even the most distant association with science, and takes up its place definitively as a department of *belles lettres*.

Now it is very difficult for the historian to resist the corrupting influence of such a public opinion, especially where he is not able to appeal from public opinion to the opinion of the learned. There are cases where he can do this, and others where he cannot. Mr. Grote, for instance, could take his own austere course in tranquillity, for the judgment on his work lay entirely in the hands of the learned. But in other cases such an appeal is scarcely possible. For there are whole periods of history which, in England at least, it is no one's special business to study and understand. On the French Revolution, for instance, there may be individuals who are deeply informed, but there is no class of specialists answering to those who,

in Greek and Roman history, are always prepared to pass an authoritative judgment on new works. Here on the whole the learned circles will be as little able to form an opinion as the general public. They will know whether a book amuses them, whether they find they can read it through, but beyond this nothing. Accordingly, in these periods, uneducated opinion reigns supreme, and dictates how history shall be written. And confiding in Macaulay's principle, that history may be made as interesting as romance, it imperiously demands an interesting plot that shall keep curiosity always awake, characters well marked and skilfully contrasted, an easy flow of narrative, making the knottiest matters of legislation and finance as easy as the A B C, and most of all a reasonable number of amusing anecdotes. It does not trouble itself to consider that the truth of history may possibly not admit of all this. Macaulay is thought to have settled that question, and to have shown that everything in history is interesting and romantic if you have only the eye to see it. Henceforth every official gentleman must be a hero, and every romantic popular legend is to be regarded, not as an exaggeration, but as either true, or falling short of the truth. The imagination will submit to no more disappointments; everything henceforth shall be vivid, interesting, delightful. Henceforth, if the historian finds it his painful duty to break idols, to sweep away gorgeous illusions, and restore the prosaic truth in all its tiresome dryness and intricacy where poetry had reigned before, he is far enough from being praised for conscientiousness, or pronounced to have done the proper work of a historian, who is a servant of truth. On the contrary, he is thought to be a dull fellow, and to want the magic pen of Macaulay.

This means in plain words that the public want, and insist upon having, falsehood in history rather than truth.

For what is this literary magic, when it is analysed? There are, no doubt, different varieties of it. It may produce tawdry and vulgar pictures, or noble and delicate ones. But it is essentially the gift of the poet or ballad-singer, and when applied to historical facts its natural effect is to transform them into fables. Where the reality was exceptional and glorious it is no doubt natural that such an idealised version of it should come into existence, and we can even imagine that such a rendering may convey the reality to the popular mind better than an exact chronicle would. But this is only so in one case out of a hundred. To require that history in general should be subjected to this literary magic is simply to insist that it shall be adulterated, corrupted, falsified. The magic so used becomes indeed a black art. Made a mere servant of popular wilfulness, it goes to work in a vulgar mechanical manner, and simply practises a certain number of easy literary tricks. The trick of an exciting style is in fact a very easy one. Some one said to Goethe, "Your business, poet, is to touch a feeling heart!" But the poet's answer was unexpected. "*Ah those feeling hearts!*" said Goethe, "*any bungler can touch them!*" And, indeed, however it may be in poetry, to make history interesting and exciting you have only to follow a few simple rules. All that is necessary is systematic exaggeration and occasional falsification. Public affairs naturally proceed, and ought to proceed, in a manner not at all romantic. They are governed, and ought to be governed, by a ponderous routine, by a close adherence to precedent in action, and to conventional phraseology in speech, which is most wearisome to read of. Let the historian then boldly alter all this. Let him dress up state papers and diplomatic notes in poetic diction. Let him exhibit grave statesmen as animated by the wild passions of Othello and Lear. Let him produce

them before us, not sitting before papers at a desk, but posing and declaiming with majestic gesture. Men love, we know, to hear of virtue and vice, particularly in extreme degrees. Let all the personages then be recognisably good or bad, and let the good people be covered with incessant panegyric, and the bad ones assailed with continual lofty denunciations. By simple devices like these, familiar to every one who can use a pen, and demanding no genius at all, the reader's attention may be kept constantly awake. It will be necessary at the same time carefully to omit whatever is at all intricate and difficult to follow, however important it may be. Nor must the reader be perplexed with proofs; it is results that are amusing, not processes. Still less can he be left uncertain about anything, and in order that his imagination may be well filled out and satiated, all gaps in the story must be closed with conjecture, or if good evidence is wanting bad evidence must be made to serve the turn. In this way it is not only possible, but most easy to make history exceedingly like romance, and in precisely the same degree unlike history. But then at the expense of truth it is not desirable. Romantic or readable histories may diffuse a certain knowledge of historical names, characters, and scenes, but can any one think that they convey solid instruction? Nay, what is instructive in history is precisely that which it is difficult to read, that which cannot be understood without an effort, and this is what the readable history omits. Meanwhile, what it counts upon for its charm is of the nature of adulteration. It derives a false brilliancy from those unreal, sentimental, high-flown fancies which, when they are introduced into the politics of our own time, instantly excite suspicion and contempt.

But if it should be granted, as perhaps it must, that we cannot quite dispense with what are called readable histories, it is quite another question

whether there is not a kind of history wholly different from this which does not aim, even by the most legitimate methods, at instructing the million. History may originally have been created to satisfy a popular craving, and to give immortality to great deeds. But it does not follow that this is the only, or the principal object of history now. In fact, the old primitive halpoetic sort of history has long ago suffered transformation; it had given place to another kind, dissimilar both in object and style, when Macaulay, taking a step rather backward than forward, re-introduced it among us. This other kind of history is not poetic but scientific, at least in its general aim and tendency. Its aim is not to give pleasure or confer fame, but to throw light on the course of human affairs. It collects and carefully verifies facts in order to draw conclusions from them. These conclusions were for a long time vague enough, and at best rather practical than scientific; they were adapted rather to afford a useful help to the politician than material to the philosophic speculator. But as in other departments of knowledge, as the fund of facts accumulated, and scientific method became more easy to handle, the prospect opened of turning useful knowledge into actual science, and the phrases, philosophy of history, science of history, &c., came more and more into use. We have here the other movement I spoke of, which is directly opposite to that of which I have taken Macaulay as the representative. That tended to make history popular and to diffuse it, but this has a manifest tendency to withdraw it altogether from general literature and shut it up in the schools. If in Macaulay's hands history resembled a romance, and seemed almost to strive to become a ballad, this other view, if it could be entirely realised, would turn history into a technical scientific treatise, repulsive, and perhaps wholly unintelligible, to the public. It so

happened that this tendency also found a conspicuous representative among us. Mr. Buckle succeeded in flashing it upon the public mind in such a way that an idea not in itself popular, was at once popularly understood, and his book made a greater hit than had been made by any history since Macaulay's.

It was well that the two tendencies should be brought into sharp contrast, and that it should be understood how radically hostile they are to each other. In our older school this hostility is latent; the historians of the eighteenth century never seem to know clearly whether they are philosophers or poets, whether they want to discover laws, or to excite feelings. Gibbon always speaks of himself as "the philosopher," yet the perpetual bombast of his style shows that his mind was not in a purely scientific frame. He reminds us of those early philosophers who propounded their systems in hexameter verse. But now that the two sorts of history are clearly distinguished, every historian should make up his mind whether he means to write poetry or prose. Does he want to solve problems and throw light on general laws, or does he want to fill the ears of men with a glorious tale? If he elects the former course he must understand that he renounces the large universal audience, and that he has no title to the rich, coloured, fascinating style. For it is not generally by fascinating books that the scientific knowledge of the world is augmented. Anxious care in the weighing of evidence, full statement of evidence that the reader may be in a position to judge for himself, conscientious precision and discrimination that nothing may be overstated—how is all this to be reconciled with the qualities that make the charm of a popular book? The books accordingly which have advanced science most have had scarcely any readers outside the schools. Newton's *Principia* has never, that I hear, been a favourite

with the public. Even the *Wealth of Nations*, though it has often and justly been called interesting, would have no charm for a mind which had not already become interested in economic phenomena. And in history itself we may be sure that those works which are most pervaded with exact investigation, such as Niebuhr, Thirlwall, and Grote, would never have been widely read if our classical system of education had not prepared an audience for them.

I need hardly say that it is as a department of science rather than as a branch of poetry that we study history at Cambridge. It is indeed only in this shape that history can be included among the studies of a university. The modern historian works at the same task as Aristotle in his *Politics*, as Hobbes, Locke, and Montesquieu. But what the old speculators attempted with very small material, having before them only a scanty collection of historical facts, and these sadly unsifted and lost in a mass of legend and exaggeration, is undertaken in this age with better hope, because we have the benefit of the critical labours of many generations of scholars, and of the general improvement of scientific methods. And the ultimate goal towards which we press stands very visibly before us. We believe that the multitude of loose opinions about matters social and political which have been already formed, mainly by reasonings of a historical character, loose notions about liberty, about the province of government, about legislation and finance, about the stages of national and universal development, the relation of politics to religion, civilisation, and culture, and many similar subjects, may be made by further historical study greatly more precise and authoritative. On many of these questions we perceive already a good degree of agreement among thoughtful men. We believe that this *consensus* may be made much more complete, so that in time we may

possess a body of doctrine similar to that which has been already formed in political economy. This body of doctrine at last, reduced to formal propositions, may be introduced into education, at least to the extent that political economy has been. And thus on a large number of questions of the greatest importance, definite principles generally acknowledged, may take the place of rhetorical commonplaces recklessly flung about by party orators; and these definite principles may be held so firmly by all educated men that the denial or ignorance of them may be accounted a mark of incompetence.

I have named Mr. Buckle as the writer who first succeeded in bringing home this view of history to the public mind, and have professed myself to concur with him in regarding history as concerned with general laws. But so much agreement is consistent with a great deal of disagreement. And I can define my own position very conveniently by stating—not so much my opinion about history, as how the field of work I mark off for myself in history differs from that covered by Mr. Buckle's book. That book had indeed somewhat more success with the public than with students. It was much talked of, and opened a new view to the public, but it had perhaps no great effect on the course of speculation. It is not now very often referred to. But besides this it had the peculiarity that it scarcely dealt at all with political matter. History has always been for the most part concerned with *states*, their rise, development and organisation, and it might be expected therefore that the science of history would be principally concerned with *states*. This accordingly was the character of the old Greek attempts to form a science of history. They consisted partly of investigations into the abstract idea and definition of the state, partly of classifications of the states then open to observation. Similar in the main was the course of modern speculation in the seventeenth and

eighteenth centuries, Hobbes, Harington, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, all alike investigated the nature of the civic tie. The science which they more or less dimly saw lying at the bottom of history was a political science, concerned with states, governments, and laws. Now Mr. Buckle took a different view. When he surveyed the whole collection of phenomena furnished by history, he was not chiefly struck by those which were political. It appeared to him that historians had been misled in attaching so much importance to states and governments. He professed to introduce a reform into history by turning its attention to a different class of facts. He ridiculed the diligence with which the proceedings of kings, ministers, and governments had been chronicled, and affirmed that the really important and decisive agencies in human affairs were of a different kind. Man's lot, according to him, is mainly determined by his relation to the physical world around him, and by the conception he is led to form of the order of nature, by food, by climate, by superstition, and science. Accordingly the main business of history should be with these relations and conceptions, and not with those governments which, professing to control everything, have in reality little influence, and that for the most part mischievous.

Now historians had always acknowledged the necessity of looking occasionally beyond the state. It had been their practice to make occasional pauses in their political narrative, in order, when a convenient opportunity occurred, to collect, in a kind of miscellany, a number of phenomena of a different kind. After every seven or eight chapters of politics they offered a single chapter on manners and customs, laws, religion, education, and literature. The reform proposed by Mr. Buckle would have had the effect of altering this proportion. These occasional chapters would have become more

numerous, they would have been more methodically arranged, and more carefully prepared, and by the side of them the political chapters would have dwindled in importance and interest.

The principal importance of this suggestion lay, I think, in its displaying the mixed nature of the material of which history had hitherto been composed. We might agree or disagree with Mr. Buckle in holding that the political part of history was less important than another part which had hitherto been neglected, but it was true at any rate that history did consist of two dissimilar parts very slightly connected with each other. It was true that historians did find themselves obliged at intervals to pause in an awkward manner in order not to leave behind a mass of facts with which they felt themselves to be somehow concerned, though they scarcely knew what to do with them. In most countries the most imposing single object is the government, so that it might easily be supposed that a chronicle of affairs affecting the government, a biography, as it were, of the government, was equivalent to a history of the country. But after all it is not so. A nation is not merely a state. It is not only a governed community. It is also an industrial community, a church, a tribe or enlarged clan—to mention only some of the many aspects in which it may be considered. Accordingly when the affairs of its government have been described, it still remains to describe the nation in these other aspects, and after the properly political phenomena come phenomena of several other kinds, economical, ecclesiastical, educational, and so forth. And whether or no these are more important than the political phenomena, there can be no doubt that they are of great importance, and fully deserve the most thorough treatment they can receive.

But then, so do the political phenomena. No rational man can seriously deny the great part which has

been played in human affairs by the institution of government. Mr. Buckle wavers between two views, sometimes declaring it insignificant, at other times pernicious. If it were really insignificant, that would be a reason for paying little regard to it, but its being pernicious is no ground for leaving it unstudied, provided it is important. And so the conclusion we are led to is that the political phenomena should not be studied less, but the social phenomena more. And this involves an alteration in the method of historical writing. "Manners and customs," so-called, instead of having a larger number of chapters in our histories, should have histories to themselves. The child is grown up; should it then have a larger share in the house? No, but it should have a house of its own.

And that means that it should have no place at all in the original house. In other words, the political historian should cease to insert those general surveys of literature, science, and everything else imaginable, of which we have read so many. He should do so because these subjects deserve to be seriously treated, and it is impossible for him, with the political history on his hands, to treat them seriously. Nothing, in fact, can be more miserably, often more ludicrously, unsatisfactory than these occasional chapters, which historians have not yet ceased to think it their duty to insert. One wonders what purpose they can be intended to serve, or to what class of readers they can be addressed. On political history the writer speaks with authority, but this authority he has acquired by close and concentrated study, which has of itself disqualified him from speaking on the thousand and one subjects which are lightly dismissed in these occasional chapters. Philosophy, theology, literature, art, science, are only a few of these subjects, and on each of them no one can without years of study speak an authoritative word. I listen to the

historian of the Elizabethan age, when he speaks of the trial of Mary, the diplomacy of Elizabeth, or the fortunes of the Spanish Armada; but I do not want his opinion on Spenser's versification, or Bacon's claim to the title of a philosophic discoverer. He may review Shakspeare's historical plays; they deal with political matter; it lies within his province to consider how that age regarded the past; but I am not anxious to know whether he prefers *Lear* as a tragedy to the *Agamemnon*, or the English drama to the French; whether he is a classicist or a romanticist. Let writers deal with what they understand. Historical writing is infested more than any department of serious literature with superficial and unnecessary dogmatism on subjects which lie outside the historian's studies.

Now the student of human affairs can select whichever field he prefers. He may, if he will, neglect political history, and take up some of those subjects which Mr. Buckle would substitute for it, and which have since received so much extension. He may become an anthropologist or sociologist. On the other hand he may take the very opposite course, and attach himself to political history more consciously and more exclusively than historians used formerly to do. He must certainly, I think, if he would throw any new light upon the subject, renounce the old fashion of treating all kinds of heterogeneous subjects at once. But he may still place in the front those political phenomena to which the old school of historians gave precedence. Among the various phenomena of human life he may select the single phenomenon of government for his investigations. He may analyse the phenomenon itself; he may also classify the varieties of it presented by history. Considering universal history as a vast collection of specimens of the governed community or state, he may make it a principal task to

arrange these specimens under genera and species. This will be his descriptive politics. By the side of this he will place a sort of political physiology, and beyond both will come a science of the mutual relations of states.

The fewness of attainable specimens of states and the difficulty of procuring precise information about them, will always give such a political science a different superficial appearance to most other sciences. It will always be compelled to deal much in long narratives, and the task of authenticating the facts will always be disproportionately heavy. A student who has this plan in his mind will produce works superficially not unlike the histories of the old school. He will write narratives of public or governmental affairs. But a definite scientific object will be apparent in them. They will not deviate into ornate description, or be tricked out with literary eloquence; on the other hand they will not avoid difficult and technical discussions. Rather, since the state itself is their subject, and not great men or stirring deeds, nor even the life of the people, they will give peculiar prominence to everything relating to organisation. Individuals will fall somewhat into the background, and the state itself will become the hero. The first question will always be, How is the state constituted, to what class of states does it belong, at what stage of its development does it stand, and how do the events of the time affect its organisation? History, thus regarded, may be defined as the biography of states.

Now I think this is the way of handling history which it is practically most desirable to adopt in universities, and, as far as possible, in schools, and for this reason, that to study history so is to study politics at the same time. Nothing seems to me more prodigious or more ominous than that a nation which, like this, claims the most unlimited right of self-government, should entirely neglect

to educate itself in politics. It is very magnanimous, no doubt, that every individual among us should claim his share, as a free man, in determining the policy of the nation; but it is senseless that men should put forward such a pretension and yet never think it necessary to prepare themselves for the exercise of the powers they claim. The study of politics answers to liberty as the duty to the right. Now to study politics is neither more nor less than to study history in the manner I have indicated. If by history we understand, not as in past times a particular sort of eloquent writing but a serious scientific investigation, and then again consider it not as mere anthropology or sociology, but as a science of states, then the study of history is absolutely the study of politics. And then this study, existing already in schools and universities, may be so handled as to become in time that national education in politics which is among the leading wants of the time.

Such is my vision of the future of historical study in England. I see it made on the one hand scientific by the careful definition of its subject-matter, and on the other hand in the highest degree practical by being brought into the closest connexion with politics. Hitherto the study has been neither properly scientific nor properly practical. How few among our politicians have seriously based their politics upon a reasoned historical philosophy; how few among our historians have made their way through the jungle of learned research to definite scientific conclusions!

But my experience as a teacher has made me aware of certain obstacles which the student has to surmount before he can in this way bring his politics and his history together and fuse them into one practical philosophy. The nature of these obstacles, and the way to remove them, I shall consider in some future papers.

J. R. SEELEY.

To be continued.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UP THE MOUNTAIN.

MADAME DE FLORIMEL was not a person who could take her pleasure silently, even when it was enjoyment of such scenery as two or three hours steady ascent from La Roquette brought her into. She had made the journey every summer since her husband's death left her free to indulge herself in the English luxury of spending a few weeks of each year from home, but none the less was she full of astonishment and exclamation, and eager for sympathy when a turn in the road brought a yet higher snow-capped peak in sight, or disclosed another aspect of the diminishing valleys and plains they were leaving behind them. The two pre-occupied irresponsible faces on the opposite side of the carriage began before very long to act as a great hindrance to her satisfaction, and when the last glimpse of La Roquette lying like a sparkling emerald gem amid its dwarfed grey olive-clad hills, which Madame de Florimel never failed to greet with a shout of welcome, called out no more than a languid remark from Lady Rivers and Alma, she could bear the situation no longer. Her respect for Wynyard's supposed disappointment yielded to her own urgent need of companionship, and after their stoppage for the mid-day meal and rest, she contrived through one pretext or another to keep him and his horse constantly close to the carriage for the rest of the day. She was continually discovering some want or inventing some fear that he only was capable of dealing with. Wynyard was in a mood to welcome this early opportunity of testing his power of being thoroughly

at ease and unconcerned in Alma's company. He had been a good deal disgusted with himself for feeling so much emotion as her sudden appearance at La Roquette—two afternoons ago—had called out. It vexed him to have to remember that the mere vision of her face had been enough, for a few hours at least, to overthrow the train of thought and feeling he had been so carefully building up during the last three months. Now that a day's and night's sober reflection had restored his equilibrium, he had a proud sense of self-conquest in being able to chat quite easily with Madame de Florimel about La Roquette affairs, while she was listening—undisturbed except by an occasional wonder as to what *she* thought of his coolness—or by a passing consciousness that the face opposite Madame de Florimel wore the softened dejected expression which of all its other beautiful looks had been the dearest to him in the old days. If Horace Kirkman's promised bride was in a sentimental mood, thinking perhaps of her delightful bridegroom, was there any need for him to concern himself about it; unless it were to be thankful for the complete restoration to sanity that made it a matter of so much indifference to him that he did not glance at the bowed head and drooping lips a second time. To prevent the temptation to look again, from mere curiosity to ascertain if his first impression was correct, Wynyard spurred his horse up a steep cut of mountain path, that zig-zagged above the carriage road, gathered a spray of wild quince blossom and put it in his coat. When Madame de Florimel called him to her side by and by, he made her admire its waxy pink and white blooms, and its fresh wild

beauty. A flag of the spring he called it, strong, and fair, and choice—a spring face without a shade of guile in it—they were following the spring up the mountains, he said, and might for once in their lives, have a portion of the season's lights, and scents and sounds twice over, each day the facsimile of another day they had already enjoyed down below.

When they had arrived at their night quarters, a modest wayside village inn, Wynyard deserted the evening meal for a walk among the hills, which he prolonged till the last flash of the sunset had faded on the snow-peaks; and though he came back with his arms full of mountain plants for Madame de Florimel to botanise, he did not linger more than a minute or two in the tiny parlour where Alma was seated before a tinkling piano, singing old-fashioned English songs as Madame de Florimel called for them. He went off to smoke a pipe and talk politics with some peasants and poor travellers who had congregated round a wood-fire, and were eating garlicky-soup, and drinking wine in the kitchen beyond. He grew really interested in their talk, and cross-questioned them eagerly, trying hard to make out something of a picture from their solitary lives in the mountains, and so get a coherent notion of their ways of thinking. Yet all the time, between the questions and answers, high notes of Alma's voice reached him across the dividing space bringing well remembered tones and words to his ear. "Douglas, Douglas!"—Was it a new tone of pleading, a new tenderness in the voice? or only the old powerful charm, a little more thrilling now because unheard so long.

When his companions deserted him at last, and he had to take his candle and retire to a wide, draughty bedroom at the top of the house, he made up his mind that the peasant's talk had roused him a good deal more than might have been expected. He was so far from any inclination towards sleep that he unpacked

his writing-case and determined to utilize this unexpected activity of brain by working up his evening's experiences into an article for the journal he was accustomed to write for. He fancied himself just now in the right frame of mind for the production of one of the semi-philosophical, semi-descriptive essays that had made his name as a writer already fairly well-known; but when he had taken his pen, and the surging thoughts began to arrange themselves a little, the words that rose first did not take the course he had intended. He wrote on and on, correcting, changing, pacing up and down in the excitement of composition till the first streak of rose-light dawned on the mountain-peak opposite his window, and it was clearly no use to go to bed at all. But his night's work when completed at last was not by any means what he had intended it to be when he sat down—a dissertation on French peasant-life in the Basses Alpes, and French peasant politics. It was a poem that had grown up under his pen, as little as possible related to any thing that had happened or that he had been thinking about during the day; except perhaps that its music had to his ear as he read it over for the last time, a ring here and there of the sweet rising and falling notes he had caught through the discord of the kitchen noises. It was a sea-poem, and represented the conflict in the mind of a young sailor to whom the syrens are singing while his boat is nearing the sunny, white-sanded bay where his home, and his love are awaiting him. On one side of the boat stretches the many-coloured changeful sea, whose mystery entices and fascinates the sailor's eyes to look backwards, earnestly as he strives to fix them on the steady, reposeful prospect in front. Moment by moment the boat nears the shore with every stroke of his oar upon the water, while the voices behind him, singing in chorus, wax sadder and sweeter in their appeal-

ing cry. Will he plunge in, and resolve for ever the enigma that has tempted and haunted him from the first hour when he put to sea—or will he, with a last vigorous stroke, climb the one wave that holds him back from the cheerful daylight and the restful green land? The poem would not end with anything but the question; and after a trial or two, Wynyard was content to leave it there. It was the best thing, the nearest approach to what he could allow himself to call poetry that he had ever written, he thought; and yet, when, just as he had critically come to this conclusion, a sunbeam darted through his uncurtained window, and lit up the disorder of the table at which he had been writing, a sudden disgust seized him, and he was glad to huddle all the papers out of sight into his writing-case, and turn to the prospect of emerging white mountain-tops, and rolling mist-wreaths that his casement disclosed. His night's work seemed feverish and unreal as he gazed on, and as the solemn, steadfast mountain shapes, one behind another, dawned on his sight in the advancing daylight. The inhabitants of the little farm-inn were astir as soon as the sun was fully risen, and from his post of observation Wynyard recognised one after another of his last night's acquaintance setting forth to the work of the day; sensible people, who had slept well, and who were coming out now, with free healthy minds and bodies and single hearts, to earn another untroubled night's repose in the strong, cool, mountain air. He would have done better, he thought, to write prose about them, than verse about syrens, or perhaps it would have been better still not to have written at all; for who was he to set forth his hasty notions about these simple, inarticulate lives, that were lived in the presence of such a nature as this, and whose patient round of toil and endurance possibly soared very far beyond his conception? It would be best, since

the sensible night's rest was no longer attainable, to make as much of the sunrise for once as they did every day, and try if the keen morning breezes on those upland pastures would not help him to sensible, straightforward views of his own life. There it was, remote enough from syrens, if one could see it so—very straightly mapped out by circumstances and character—his work, and the aims he had long ago set before himself—not unworthy ones, surely—and for nearer interests the Saville Street household; gentle little sweet-hearted Emmie West, whom he quite hated himself for not thinking about with more tenderness in her sorrow just now. He made a hasty morning toilette while he was battling with thoughts like these, and then left the house, following in the wake of the last set of workers he had watched from his window—a party of children leading a flock of goats by a steep rocky path to an upland pasture in the hollow of the hill.

Some three hours later, Alma, from her window, which commanded the same prospect as his, saw him returning to the house, followed by two or three of the farm-house children, and carrying their basket of mushrooms for them down the hill, and she augured badly for herself from the expression of his face. She had been used to read it like an open book, and she felt sure that he had been making some resolutions adverse to her aims on that mountain walk from which he was returning so gaily. A moment's discouragement bowed her head, and then she raised it again, proud and joyful. Of course—of course—how could she even for a moment have so misread the signs? What need would there be to make resolutions, and why should he avoid her, if he did not care for her still? It would have been unlike him to show mere dislike or anger in that way. She could imagine the sort of contemptuous kindness he would have shown her if he had arrived at

despising her only, and anything short of such contempt she told herself she could and would bear and conquer. Once convinced, as she believed she now might be, that he loved her still, she would not be daunted by avoidance — she would have courage to read the signs rightly, and trust that occasion would favour her with some golden opportunity for explanation, which she promised herself not to lose.

How natural it seemed to be, watching him, and feeling him her own! How familiar all the characteristic gestures were, and how dear! How could she ever have dreamed that any one would rejoice in them but herself? It was not mere physical gifts, such as any one might have, she was admiring, as she watched his quick, firm step on the mountain path. Horace Kirkman would have returned from a mountain climb as fresh and vigorous, but the peasant children would not have been clustering round him; he would not have stooped down just where the flinty watercourse intersected the path to hoist that little bare-footed three-years-old urchin on his shoulder. It would not have been Horace Kirkman's instinct to turn back and hold the gate of the farmyard open for the white-capped old woman, bending under her load of firewood, to pass through. Neither would he have found anything to say to the three Savoyards, grandfather, father, and son, who were lingering about the inn-door for the chance of exchanging a morning greeting with the stranger who had talked with them so pleasantly last night. Alma half smiled to herself as she pictured the dumb, sulky dignity of demeanour that would have hedged in her late admirer from such advances, to say nothing of the sense of injury he would have felt if any one had supposed him capable of carrying on a conversation in two or three different *patois*. Yes, indeed, it required more than a surface polish, more than one or two generations of

good manners, to acquire the simple, gracious frankness that won its way with every grade and age alike, and opened all minds as with a golden key. A royal nature, formed to shine in high places and govern men, Alma called it now, not discerning, subtleminded as she was in probing other people's doubtings, how much her point of view had changed with her secret knowledge, nor choosing to remember how jealous she had been of this very same facility when it had been Wynyard Anstice, the briefless barrister who outraged conventionalities royally, and chose his intimates irrespective of their value in society.

The start was later than Madame de Florimel would have liked if she had been alone, but Alma had won her heart last night by her singing, and she was disposed to be gracious towards her fellow-travellers. It was a morning of steady climbing, following the curves of the magnificent road that winds up the first range of the Maritime Alps, with rocky white cliffs, rent and torn into innumerable clefts towering above, and sheer depths of precipice yawning beneath. There was little opportunity for the party to separate, and some real excuse for Madame de Florimel's nervousness, as the leading horse in their team was ill-broken. An hour or two after the start, this horse took fright at the sudden appearance, round a sharp curve in the road, of a baggage-waggon, with an escort of blue-coated soldiers, and it could not be quieted or persuaded to pass the object of its terror, till Wynyard got off his own horse and led it forward, coaxing it with hand and voice into good behaviour. There was a moment of very real danger when the terrified animals plunged and threw their freight almost over the edge of the precipice, so that the far depths below, where a river gleamed and tinkled became visible to the occupants of the carriage in a flash of distinctness that was very trying to their nerves. Alma was the only one of the ladies who showed

decent presence of mind on the occasion. As soon as she saw Wynyard preparing to dismount, she called to him to throw the reins to her, and by and by, taking advantage of a minute's quiet, she sprang from the carriage and took charge of the saddle-horse, leading it under the cliff out of the way of the turmoil while the difficult passage with the refractory team was accomplished. This was an affair of some moments. The baggage-waggon jangled far down the road, was lost behind one curve, and emerged on another, and Alma had the scene to herself for long enough to be awed by the lonely grandeur of the heights above and depths below before Wynyard returned to relieve her of the charge of his horse, and thank her for her service and praise her courage.

His first words after such an escape and in such a scene were naturally more friendly than any that had passed between them hitherto, but when they had turned to walk towards the carriage an embarrassed silence fell. It however rather gratified than disconcerted Alma to perceive that her moody companion studiously avoided looking at her, turning his head to stare at the black spot far down the white road, which was all that was now visible of the waggon, or following the flight of a bird along the side of the cliff with his eyes rather than let them meet hers. He must no doubt be thinking, as she was, of former occasions when they had been alone on a hill-side together, in those happy Isle-of-Wight days, when Constance and young Lawrence were so apt to stroll out of sight, and a tendency to dissolve into pairs had marked all their walking parties. If she did speak, she felt it must be about an earlier, less self-conscious stage of their intimacy, and at last, just as they came in sight of the waiting carriage, she found her voice.

"It was well," she said, as lightly and confidently as she could make herself speak, "that you taught me how

to speak to a horse long ago. Don't you remember that I took my first riding lessons from you and Frank, the second Christmas holidays you spent at South Lodge with us, when you and I broke quite out of bounds one day, and followed the hounds through a whole delightful morning without any one ever being the wiser?"

He did not look at her till she had finished speaking, but when their eyes met at last she was startled by the anger in his. "How dare you put me in mind of those times, being what you are?" they seemed to ask. "How can you have the effrontery to court such recollections now?" She felt herself growing pale under the pain the steady look gave her, and then blushing violently, lest words she could never forget should actually be spoken. It was a relief to her when he turned away without speaking, and prepared to mount his horse.

"You had better hasten on to the carriage," he said coldly, when his foot was in the stirrup. "I must mount here. They are waiting for you, and we have lost a great deal of time already."

When they were again *en route*, and Madame de Florimel had leisure to notice how pale Alma was, and how her knees trembled long after she was seated in the carriage, she was much impressed with admiration for the self-control she had previously put upon herself, and did not know how to praise or pity her enough. "It had, indeed, been a tremendous effort," she insisted, and Alma was a heroine who had shown the true English force of character in a moment of danger. "Where would you find a French girl who would have been worth anything when the management of a refractory horse was in question? or who would have volunteered to be left alone with a strange animal on a solitary road?" She had quite a fit of English enthusiasm on the subject of Alma's courage; and when Wynyard came alongside of the carriage, which was not for an hour or two, she could

not refrain from magnifying it to him, by relating and dwelling upon the distressing after-effects which Alma's unheard-of exertions had brought upon her.

Wynyard, by that time, was equal to the task of expressing as much polite sympathy and anxiety for Miss Rivers's recovery as Madame de Florimel required of him; and Alma, through all the pain of hearing him speak of her and to her, as if she had been an ordinary travelling acquaintance about whom he was conventionally concerned, felt satisfied that a step in the direction of her own wishes had been taken in what seemed at first sight so adverse to them. She need not fear another such rebuff; it was something that had to come, and was now over, a necessary step taken, preparing the way for the explanation that was to be given by and by. And now the security he would feel in having so plainly put a stop to conversation on old times, and prescribed a footing of acquaintanceship instead of their former intimacy, would make it easier to slide into ordinary talk on topics of the present. How much she could make of that, Alma knew, even if she did not reckon, as she believed she might, knowing the pitiful heart she had to deal with, on a little compunction stealing in, now that he was made aware of the pain his anger had given her. Any way, she thought it was something got over, a step towards her end.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON REVIENT TOUJOURS.

THE succeeding days verified Alma's hope of greater freedom of intercourse being established between the different members of the travelling party who had set out in so much constraint, and with so many painful feelings to hold them apart. References to old times were rigidly avoided, and old intimacy tacitly ignored; but daily and hourly intercourse soothed down restraint and cured painful consciousness, until

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a quiet friendly footing prevailed among them all which Alma was very careful not to overstep. It served her even better than she had expected. Wynyard no longer avoided speaking to her or looking at her; and as he was a person whose small coin in conversation soon came to an end, it was inevitable that in the course of hours spent in such solitudes as they were travelling through, topics should be touched upon, or allusions called forth which, in spite of the most carefully-preserved appearance of recent acquaintanceship, revealed sympathies in thought or recollection such as strangers could not possibly have had. Wynyard might keep studiously the slightest reference to former times out of his talk, but he could not hinder Alma from understanding a half-expressed thought of his more quickly than any one who did not know his mind through and through, would have understood it; or prevent her being able to supply a forgotten name in a Provençal legend which they had once read out of the same book. It was hardly surprising, as the days passed on, that the conversations as they arose between those two grew more and more engrossing, for they had the unusual charm of a mutually-felt, carefully-avoided memory,—a pearl of secret knowledge and intimate understanding gleaming up through the waters of ordinary talk, alluring the speakers moment by moment to dive down and bring it to the surface. No wonder that lines from Wynyard's syren song kept recurring to his mind, or that a vague discontent with himself mingled with a growing reluctance to anticipate the end of the journey. He would once or twice have broken away from the party if he could have done so without assigning any reason; but they had got into a district remote from railways, with few and recognised resting-places, and it was difficult to separate without an appearance of quarrel which he was anxious to avoid.

X

The middle of the fourth day's journey was to bring the party to St. Julien, the first place where they expected to find letters awaiting them, and their final stage before they reached Madame de Florimel's destination. This last was Château Arnaud, an old residence belonging to the De Florimel family, part of which had long since been degraded into a farmhouse and inn, while a few rooms were still preserved with the old furniture in readiness for occasional visits from its owners. In Count de Florimel's lifetime such visits had been very rare, and seldom extended beyond a day or two. But Madame had conceived a liking for the place, and was not without ambition of introducing into the management of the property, something of the English vigour that was bearing such good fruits at La Roquette. If only another Joseph Marie and a Madelon might be found to carry out her views at St. Arnaud with the same zeal and discretion that was shown at La Roquette, Madame felt sure there would be everything to hope for the place. "And precisely the newly married pair." Madame wondered she had not thought of this before—that she had ever dreamed of another lot for Madelon. How had it not occurred to her from the first! The marriage of last week had evidently been made for no other purpose than to provide two managers precisely after her own mind for her property at Château Arnaud — Antoine and Madelon! Here was the place made; and next year she might have English strawberries growing on the slopes above the château, and Alderney cows in the farmyard.

All through the morning hours of their last day's journey Madame de Florimel kept Wynyard engaged in a brisk argument as to whether or not this brilliant idea should be carried out. Whether Antoine and Madelon should not be transported from their native place to reign as intendant

and his wife over Madame's property in the mountains. Wynyard really did not know why he objected, or why he should grow absolutely cross when Madame put aside all the objections he raised against her scheme. It was nothing to him, and there was no excuse for his growing eloquent against the iniquity of any one's being bribed to leave La Roquette who could live there in peace and tranquillity; he only understood that there was an actual pain in his mind which coloured his words and gave them another meaning besides that which referred to Antoine and Madelon's affairs. Was it for himself that he was regretting the peaceful atmosphere of the place, and some pure influence he had felt there, which was slipping away?

It was the last morning, and Alma kept herself quite out of the conversation, sitting back, her eyes fixed on the receding snowy heights, and with an unwonted expression of uneasiness and dejection in her attitude and countenance. Her clasped hands lay uselessly in her lap; her eyes, though they turned always to the receding prospects, seemed to see nothing; her lips trembled every now and then as if she were struggling to keep back tears. Why should his exaggerated praise of La Roquette vex her; or was it that at all, or something else, that troubled her and kept her silent? Or again, what did it matter to him? Wynyard asked himself. This was the last morning. That beloved, hated, bewitching, repelling face, with its haunting sadnesses and inscrutable lights and shadows, would never be so before him again, that he should be compelled to study it and wonder over its changes. It was the last of that sort of pain he need ever have, for he was quite determined to stay only one night at Château Arnaud, where the Riverses were to remain a fortnight. He might reasonably plead long-neglected business as an excuse for hurrying away as soon as opportunity offered. The next

news that would reach him of Alma Rivers would be the announcement of her marriage in the *Times* newspaper some late summer morning towards the close of the season when everybody was getting married. Kirkman—Rivers; the lines of small print seemed to float between him and her beautiful sorrowful face, and were reason enough for his thinking he ought not to look so much at it; though they afforded no apparent excuse for his throwing so much animosity into his arguments against Antoine's and Madelon's promotion. Alma heard the excited talk about a matter incomprehensible to her, and it helped to depress her; but it was not the cause of her sadness. It came to her muffled, through a crowd of anxious and regretful thoughts which made that last morning to her also full of bitterness. At Dimes they were to call at the post-office for letters. Madame de Florimel had ordered hers to be sent there from La Roquette, and Wynyard had mentioned incidentally last night that he had given that address to his London correspondent, and expected a budget of letters and papers.

The forenoon was stealing away and they were going down-hill rapidly. None of those excuses for getting out to walk or sketch that had occurred while they were ascending could be found now, and no one this morning seemed to be paying any attention to the scenery, magnificent as it was. Lady Rivers on her side of the carriage and Ward on the box were nodding comfortably through a great part of the morning, and Wynyard and Madame de Florimel were quarrelling. Alma, if she observed anything, saw only in the changing scene around some other existence into which she longed to escape. The eagle that rose from crag to crag, and mounted in ever-ascending spirals into the wide blue—the rough-haired little shepherdess who paused half way up a green slope to look down into the carriage,—yes, and even that bent figure

of a poor Cagot-woman who, harnessed like a horse to a rude covered cart, dragged her children and her belongings with horrible toil up the steep,—awoke in her equally a vague longing to escape, to lose herself in any one of those lives, anywhere, so that she might avoid the defeat and shame she saw before her, the regrets whose bitterness she believed in another hour or two she should taste in full measure.

At the foot of the long descent the road wound through a ravine with a sheer cliff on one side, and on the other a river opaline with melting ice from the mountain-streams that fed it, and reflecting gems of colour from the flowery borders. Here there was hardly room for a horse to ride abreast with the carriage, and Madame de Florimel consented to a plan of Wynyard's that he should ride quickly forward to Dimes, which was a few miles out of the direct road to Château Arnaud, get any letters that might be awaiting them at the post-office, and meet them at a wayside resting-place where they could take their noon-day meal, and start for Château Arnaud with a shorter journey before them.

What a hurry he was in to get his letters Alma thought, as she watched him urge his horse to a gallop as soon as he had gained a little distance from the carriage. He would have time enough to read them before she saw him again, and to open any newspapers that might be awaiting him, and take in all the immense change in his prospects that could not fail to be made known to him now through one source or another. Crises of that kind act suddenly, and news of social elevation is apt to look familiar when it is an hour old. It would be Earl Antice who met her, when next her eyes fell on that receding figure, and she should know in an instant that she had lost her aim, been defeated in the game for which she had played with a false die, the thought of which would shame her, and shame her uselessly all the rest of her life.

Ah! fate had been hard upon her, very hard. She had only asked for one little half-hour alone with her lover, for he was her lover still, she was sure of that; only demanded one little rift to be made for her in the thin wall of ceremony that divided them, and she could have done all the rest herself. She could have said words that could now never be said, but which, spoken half an hour ago, would have secured the happiness of two lives.

"Oh the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!"

Ah! how bitter it was—how bitter it was to be baffled, for want of the opportunity to whisper one word!

Alma had time to indulge in these regrets without interruption when the party left the carriage; for the farmhouse at which they baited the horses proved too uninviting to tempt the ladies to enter, and Madame de Florimel organized a little encampment in a meadow by the river. For Alma withdrew herself a few paces from the others, on pretext of getting a better view of the head of the ravine for a sketch, and was virtually alone for an hour or so when the meal was over. A person disciplined by much experience of sorrow would hardly have kept such bitter, self-regarding thoughts in the presence of the scene Alma was sketching. The grandeur and the calm would have rebuked the self-pity into peace. But Alma was not a disciplined character in any sense. She had never yet faced even as a possibility the thought of not getting what she really desired in the end. She had hesitated between ambitions and likings, but she had never hitherto believed in disappointment as a possible condition for herself, and now that its shadow was falling on her, she rebelled fiercely against submission. There was no side of her mind that would admit the thought of denial. The lofty mountain peaks before her eyes, snow-capped, or bare

and rugged, that meekly bore the brunt of the storms, and sent the fruitful rain down their barren sides, to enrich the valleys at their feet; the river rippling past, from which the flowers and reeds on its banks were stealing their life every minute, the glad mild air, the wealth of rich colour, had no parable of self-renunciation to unfold to her for she could not read their language. Their gladness and calm only struck her as a bitter contrast to the unrest and discontent of which her soul was full. Why should nature be glad and she sorrowful? Why should the earth have its spring, flowers bloom, and birds sing, if youthful hearts were to go unsatisfied, and the spring time of a life be darkened with disappointment. As the outline of her drawing grew and she began to wash in the delicate first colour, Alma had by force of self-pity cleared herself of any sense of blame. She managed to forget her own half-heartedness in the first days of Wynyard's poverty, and even arrived at almost persuading herself that she had never seriously thought of becoming Horace Kirkman's wife. The tragedy of so true a love as hers being crossed, such a perfect happiness as she might have had being lost through a train of trivial mischances, was the only side of the question she would allow herself to look at. Wynyard's return took her by surprise at last. She had been listening for horse hoofs along the road, but he had alighted at a further gate of the farm-yard, and hearing of their whereabouts came to the river-side on foot. He approached her first from behind, and held down a letter which she took without looking up—yet something in his voice reassured her—there was no change in that at all events.

"Your father's handwriting, I think," he said. "You will be glad of news."

Alma put the letter down on her knee, and went on with her drawing.

"Will you not open it?" he said

after a while, still keeping his place behind her chair. "Are you not going to tell Madame de Florimel and me how Miss West bore her journey, and how she found her friends in Saville Street?"

"Not now," said Alma; "mamma is sleeping after her coffee, and I cannot rouse her to hear a letter read aloud. It will be all about poor Uncle West's funeral, and had better be kept till to-night, when the journey will be over, and she has a prospect of rest before her."

Alma fancied she heard an impatient sigh as Wynyard turned away from her to Madame de Florimel. Had he really expected her to give him news of Emmie West, she wondered, with the first pang of jealousy that had ever troubled her? Could he have heard that news and be thinking of Emmie West? In a few minutes she raised her head from her drawing, and ventured on a scrutinizing look at his face to see if she could detect traces of unusual emotion on it. He had thrown himself on the grass by Madame de Florimel's side, and was emptying his pockets of letters for her, and in another moment or two they were deep in La Roquette news; Wynyard evidently bent on making his peace with her after his fit of contradiction by attention to the details she imparted. Everything that had happened in La Roquette from the moment of Madame's departure to the hour in which Joseph Marie finished his despatch appeared to be retailed and commented upon. Alma convinced herself as she listened that Wynyard's interest in all this gossip was not altogether feigned, yet could he have endured the enumeration of the guests at somebody's wedding, and found an observation to make about every one, if such news as Alma knew of was really in his possession?

"Ah, here is a letter for you, Wynyard, from Paris, inclosed with mine. It must have arrived the very day after we started, and it seems to have

something hard inside," and Madame de Florimel held a thin letter up to the light, showing a round dark circle through the paper, and looked at it rather inquisitively. Wynyard changed countenance as he stretched out his hand to take it.

"It will keep, like all the others," he said, thrusting it into the depths of his pocket with hardly a glance at the writing outside.

"Then you have had others."

"Oh yes," wearily. "A big budget sent on from my chambers, but it looks like business, and I have been such a sinner lately, and am in such deep disgrace with my chiefs, that I will not irritate it just now. Let us keep clear of proof and printer's ink; as long as we have those snow-peaks in sight at all events. When we arrive to-night in the region of prose and prospective Alderney cows—'Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,' it will be time enough to begin."

"But you have nothing else to do now," urged Madame de Florimel who was bent on knowing what the hard circle she had felt within the Paris letter signified. "You will be tired of doing nothing for an hour, and we shall have to wait quite as long as that still, for the *cocher* declares the horses are tired, and will not start before three o'clock. What will you do meanwhile?"

"I won't read my letters," said Wynyard laughing. "Give it up, dear Madame, for I am not to be badgered into making any such sensible use of my time here. Come now, we have been quarrelling all the morning, think of something pleasanter to order me to do in nearly the last leisure-hour we shall spend together, for how many years I wonder?"

"Make a sketch like Miss Rivers. I should be glad to have a drawing of yours to put between those two of your mother's that hang over my boudoir chimney-piece now,—you used to draw a little when you were last with me."

"A little, truly! For which performances I have just knowledge enough to blush now."

"But you ought to draw—being your mother's son."

"Ah, there has been a mistake about that, the talent I should by rights have inherited has somehow passed on to my cousin Raphael, with the artistic name my mother chose for her godson instead of her son. We used to quarrel desperately about it when we were boys, for I had always been told I was to be the artist, and I could never bring myself to allow even in the face of the clearest evidence that he could do anything that I could not. I have had to cave in since, and confess that whereas I can only criticise, he might have been an artist, if he had not been an Earl."

"Ah, that is the pity! If you and he could but have changed places. He is terribly out of place where he is now, and as you say an artist lost."

"You might take a more cheerful and complimentary view of things, and look upon me as an able lawyer; or if that is too great a stretch of imagination for a hot noon-day, at least a penny-a-liner gained; or you might congratulate me on being provided with an infallible test of friendship, by my reverse of fortune. Poor Ralph has been driven into solitude, from the dread that seized him as soon as he realized his consequence, of being absolutely hunted to death, and losing his senses among the fascinations offered for his choice. He will inevitably end by marrying a kitchen-maid to secure himself from an angel, whereas I can pick my society with perfect safety, having the rough side always presented to me, and being allowed to see the most bewitching of mortals in their true colours. As Wyatt says in his Address to Fortune—

"In hindering me, me didst thou further."

Poverty is an immense safeguard—and enlightener. I can assure you—an absolute Ithuriel's spear. By the way,

I vote we all cap-verses, and take for our subject the advantage of poverty as a test of worth—I will begin with Wyatt—

"Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekest by change to do me pain,
Men's minds yet may'st thou not so order;
For honesty if it remain
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rain."

"There! I am sure, Miss Rivers will have no difficulty in capping me with something still more to the purpose."

Alma kept her face bent over her drawing, not daring to seem to hear. Surely she did not deserve this. His heart must indeed be bitter against her, if he could thus speak on the last morning they were ever likely to spend together. If this was his way of looking at the past, she had rightly concluded that all hope of reconciliation would be over for ever when once he had heard the news that must already be in his possession, that he might now make his own at any moment.

"A little less, and what worlds away."

Her drawing was all a pretence by this time, for she dared not lift up her eyes to the landscape for fear that the tears gathering in them should overflow, and she washed in colours at random while she debated with herself whether she had courage to brave out this last hour, or whether she should resign the faint possibility of a kinder word and betake herself to her mother's side under a distant tree, where Lady Rivers was taking her noon-day sleep. There Wynyard would certainly not seek her, and when once her obnoxious presence was removed, he would perhaps take out his letters—and then—her suspense would be over at all events.

"So you will neither of you cap my verse!" Wynyard said, still in the same tone. "That's odd, I must say, when I have given you such a subject."

"Miss Rivers is busy with her drawing, don't you see?" said Madame

de Florimel blandly; "and for me—you know my love for English poetry. I understood your Ithuriel's spear, and think I could even repeat the passage. From Milton, is it not? But I have not the new writers quite so readily as you have. It is not a fair challenge. You had better refresh my memory by reading something."

How well Alma knew the worn copy of selections from Browning he drew from his pocket. It had stood on the schoolroom shelf for a year and a half between one of his visits to South Lodge and another, and as he turned it over in his hands, the very rain-stains on the purple cover, and the worn edges found voices to call to her, and put her in mind of words and thoughts, and looks of long ago that made the contrast between then and now more bitter. How reluctantly he had taken the book back that morning when she had brought it down stairs to give it to him in a fit of girlish disgust at a complacent remark on their intimacy her mother had made in her hearing. And now—did he remember all that? or was it just a common book to him to be read indifferently with anybody? How much of it had Emmie West heard?—"Love's so different with us men." He dipped into the book here and there before making up his mind where to read, and Alma knowing its pages almost by heart as she did, could guess pretty accurately which were the poems he glanced at and rejected impatiently, "In a year." "Two in the Campaigna." He was half-tempted to one of these she saw, and then he fluttered the leaf back almost to the beginning of the volume and began to read abruptly—

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft
us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;"

The scorn in his voice, while he was reading the first verse, and a yearning

pathos that crept into the words of the second—

"Blot out his name, then—record one lost
soul more!
One more task declined, one more footpath
untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for
angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to
God!"

were very audible to Alma, though blinding tears had come to her eyes and a rush of blood to her ears; and all the self-control of which she was capable only sufficed to keep her intensely still, with her face as well concealed as possible by her drawing-board, while the drops that would not be kept back any longer fell slowly and washed out her colours. She would not own herself convicted by getting up till the reader's voice ceased, but then she would escape and at least secure herself from such torture as that again.

"Life's night begins; let him never come
back to us.
There would be no doubt, hesitation, and
pain."

Would it never be over? How could a poem which treated of a wholly different matter say so much between them two? Had he intended it when he began to read? Had he divined her intention, and was he taking this way to warn her "not to come back to him?" The suspicion was so intolerable that Alma felt she could not endure the rest of her life under it, and from the very excess of pain, drew courage to fight against it.

The reader's voice ceased, having softened into a deeper pathos at the last line, and Alma did not move, not so much as to wipe the tears from the wet face. The sun would soon dry them, and when they were dried she thought she would speak. Some word to save her pride would surely come before this last opportunity of justifying herself had slipped from her for ever. Madame de Florimel was the first of

the three to break the silence. The passive character of listener to poetry she only partially understood did not please her for long together, and as her companions were silent, she grew restless.

"The sun is growing hot here, and I thought I heard Lady Rivers stirring," she said. "I will go and see how she feels disposed for an immediate start, and perhaps you will look up the driver, Wynyard, and try to persuade him to let us get away soon. I will send Ward meanwhile to help Miss Rivers to collect her drawing materials that there may be no delay when the horses are ready."

Alma relinquished all pretence at drawing when her companions' backs were turned, and covered her face from the hot sun and the sight of her tear-stained paper, with both hands. She must compose herself in a few minutes, before she was called to take her place in the carriage, and sit opposite her mother and Madame de Florimel through the long afternoon. Perhaps Wynyard would come back to carry her sketching board to the carriage. It would be only common courtesy, and let him be as angry as he might he would never neglect that; if so should she find the word she wanted. The sound of returning footsteps came much sooner than she expected, so long before she was ready to speak, that she kept her face hidden for quite a minute after she knew that Wynyard was standing in front of her, looking at her, and for all she knew at her tear-blistered drawing.

"Miss Rivers," a grave voice said, "Alma," and then she took down her hands and two pale agitated faces confronted each other. His was full of grave wonder, almost rebuke, and hers—she only guessed how piteous it was, by the compunction and pain that grew into the eyes that looked at her. "Madame de Florimel sent me to help you with your easel," Wynyard began after a minute's silence that

seemed full of speech. "But there is no hurry, let us leave it for a moment and walk along by the river. The cooler air will do you good."

Alma obeyed, but she was weak with the pent-up emotion of so many hours, and as they walked slowly by the river-path, short quivering sobs kept rising, and prevented her answering when he tried to begin a commonplace conversation to set her at ease.

"I am afraid I have hurt you," he said at last, gently, "and I ought to beg your pardon; I came back for that."

"You meant it for me—oh, Wynyard," she broke out. "You think I have done that, sold myself for a handful of silver!"

"I am sorry you so read the half-thought that was running in my mind. I ought not to have given you occasion. It was a shabby thing to do to express through another man's words what I should not have dared to say to you in my own; I beg your pardon for it. Perhaps I hardly knew what I was doing; the words got into my head as I read, I think."

"But you think it?"

"I shall not think it after this; I shall go away a repentant man, ashamed of having judged you. I had no right to conclude that you did not love where you had chosen, and I beg Mr. Horace Kirkman's pardon as well as yours. He is a happier man than I took him for."

"Oh no, no."

"Well, I must always think him so, and by and by perhaps I shall manage to do so without much grudging.—There!" holding out his hand—"let us shake hands over your engagement at last, and agree to-day that we will keep only the best recollections out of the past, and meet when we do meet, which won't be often, like old friends. I promise never to judge you again or annoy you with my peevish mortification, at any rate."

She did not like the words, but she clasped the offered hand and held it,

as a drowning man clasps a spar thrown to him amid the waves he is battling with.

"Wynyard, I must speak. I have tried to tell you before, and you would not let me; but this is perhaps the last time we shall ever talk freely together, and I cannot have you misunderstanding me all your life."

"Tell me anything you like."

"You misunderstood me just now. I do not love Horace Kirkman. I have never loved him; there is not a man in England that has less interest for me than he."

"And yet you are going to marry him."

"Oh no, no. Wynyard, such a thing would never have been thought of by any one, if you had not deserted me when I wanted you to go with me to Golden Mount last Christmas. The intimacy that has given rise to false hopes, and has lowered me in my own eyes, would never have been entered upon if you had helped me."

"Alma!" going closer to her and taking her other hand. "But how can we so have misunderstood each other? Why did you not answer my letter?"

"I have not answered it yet. You told me to question my heart, and try myself; you said you would wait an indefinite time."

"Yes, indeed; waiting would have been nothing if you had only let me know it was waiting. And now, my darling, was it really so? Has your four months' hesitation brought you really to think you can take me and the life I offered you then? May I hope for an answer—the answer I hoped for—to-day—after all?"

"After all! Wynyard!" (reproachfully) "you must not say 'after all' so often over. You must not reproach me ever with those four months. I cannot bear it, for I have been loving you all the time."

They had turned a corner in the winding-path, and were now quite out of sight of the field, sheltered by overhanging wild briars and hazel boughs,

and his answer was to draw her closer to him and kiss the trembling lips that whispered the words.

"Alma, my darling, my long-sought love—my queen, is it possible that you love me?" he repeated.

For a moment or two they stood together in a bewildering rush of joy, with the glad sunshine round them, and the river rippling an accompaniment to whispered words of love, and only the solemn white mountain peaks for mute witnesses to their reunion. One moment of untroubled content. Alma counted that one moment, before the worm in her conscience began to make itself felt and eat into the heart of her joy.

"And you remember my letter?" Wynyard said at last, putting her a little further away that he might get a good look into her face. "You know what you are doing, and what sort of an impracticable *tête montée* you will have to put up with for a husband? You will not be regretting the Gog and Magog palace all the time, or the applause of the worthy Philistines who would have honoured you for doing well to yourself? My comfort is that you have had four long months to consider of it. And at the end you really say, do you, my darling, that 'Love is enough!'"

"And you?" said Alma. "I have told you about myself—but you? What were you doing and feeling all those four months you talk so much about? Tell me."

"Trying with all my heart and strength to forget and despise you; how successfully we won't say."

The words were spoken with a smile, and he drew her close to him again, begging her pardon in half-a-dozen different forms of self-accusation for having dared to doubt her, promising to credit her with every sort of disinterestedness and nobleness for the future. But even with his arms round her, and his loving thanks and praises in her ears, Alma felt that the moment's perfect content was over for

ber. The momentary tone of contempt had recalled her to a consciousness of facts she had been trying to forget, and she felt how different this taking of him was from what he believed it to be. "Some day he will find it out, and then what will he think of you? All this praise and gratitude is not given to you, for he does not know you. It is not yours." So the irrepressible small voice began already of whisper, poisoning all the sweets of love.

Madame de Florimel's shrill voice calling for them reached their ears before Alma had brought herself to look up and speak frankly again, and she hastily drew her hands away.

"Remember," she said, "not a word, not a look to startle my mother, or awaken Madame de Florimel's curiosity, till I give you leave. My mother must be prepared."

"Surely," Wynyard said, "after waiting four months in utter darkness I can bear a few hours' more silence, but don't let it go on. I know, dear, that there is a great deal for you to do and bear yet, that we are still very far from the goal; but let me have my fair share of any fighting there may yet be to win through before we reach it. Don't put me aside again, and take all the brick-bats that may be flying about in the shape of remonstrances on your own dear head. I think I should count for something in it even with Lady Rivers, so don't let me be kept out of all knowledge of what is befalling you again."

"Only for to-night," said Alma hastily. "I must talk to mamma alone to-night. There is Madame de Florimel coming to look for us. Let us go to meet her."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LORD ANSTICE.

MADAME was not very much disturbed by the long *tête-à-tête*, nor even scandalized by the signs of recent agitation on the two faces that con-

fronted her when she turned the corner. It was all very English; she did not quite like Alma's independence of her mother, but she excused Wynyard. For a young Englishman there was, perhaps, no great indiscretion in seeking a private interview with the cousin of his lady-love when he wanted to hear news of her. In England at the present time such confidences appeared to be admissible between young people, even of a certain rank, judging from the evidence of recent novels she had read. Madame, therefore, felt herself at liberty to mark her disapprobation no further than by a slight coldness in her manner of meeting the wanderers.

During the afternoon's drive, while Wynyard kept out of the way, she glided easily into talk with Alma about Château Arnaud affairs, and being used to one-sided conversation, she was scarcely at all disconcerted by the scanty, unmeaning responses she got to her remarks. One could not expect every English girl to be as intelligent about foreign farming matters as that sensible, pretty little Emmie West had invariably shown herself to be.

Alma, on her side, found the effort of bringing out her "Yeses" and "Noes" in tolerably right order a sufficiently difficult effort, and yet she was not sorry to be obliged to make it. It had a steadying effect on the tumult of thoughts and feelings that were struggling for the upper hand in her soul. Wonder, joy, love, and threatening remorse and self-disgust. It helped her to keep herself afloat in an unreal dream of present circumstances, the only way in which she could look at them and preserve her calmness. She determined to let herself imagine just for that one afternoon that things really were with her as Wynyard was believing them to be, as he rode on and on through the dreamy, sunny May afternoon. That it was just Wynyard Anstice she had accepted for her husband; that she was going

to share a modest life with him, and that the letters he was carrying on to read leisurely at Château Arnaud contained only ordinary news about his literary work, as he thought.

At sunset the travellers passed through a little town built on the river whose borders they had skirted nearly all day, and as they entered the roughly-paved street, they met a procession of robed priests, singing hymns, and carrying wreaths of flowers to a chapel on the other side of the river, whose tinkling bell they heard summoning worshippers to some special service in honour of Mary's Month. The coachman drew up just before reaching the bridge, to avoid interfering with the *cortège*, and Wynyard rode to the side of the carriage and pointed out the chapel, half-hidden among plane trees, to which it was bound. While he spoke and looked at her, Alma realised her fancy for a moment or two as she wished. It was all so dream-like. The chanting voices, and the faint scent of the flowers borne past them, the sweet, cool rush of water among the reeds at the bank's edge, and the long, level rays of golden light on the tree tops, and on the still spaces of the fields, and on the broad reaches of the hazy river. For a moment her thoughts met his without the dividing barrier of unshared knowledge, and she forgot everything but the love and trust in his eyes, and was able to think herself his, in the fashion he believed her to be, as she had been striving to do all the afternoon. Then the carriage began to move on again, and Wynyard, left behind, got off his horse to pick up a flower that had fallen from one of the wreaths, intending to ride after the carriage and give it to Alma, but it was a May rose, and after one glance at it, he threw it back into the dust again, remounted, and rode on slowly: he had received his first pull down to earth from the height to which Alma's confession had lifted him a few hours before. It was nearly dark when they

reached Château Arnaud, and Lady Rivers, worn out with the long day's travelling, retired to her room at once, and did not reappear at the late meal. The rest of the party reassembled in one of the damp-smelling upper rooms of the house, left untouched from year to year between the brief visits of their owners. Such signs of recent preparation as were visible, the wood fire blazing on the handsome, rusty brass and irons, the nosegays in the great vases in the window recesses, the well-spread centre table, only seemed to bring out more prominently the stately unhomeliness of the place, and draw protests from the faded tapestry, and the old-world allegorical figures painted on the ceiling, against the impertinence of a modern generation in bringing its obtrusive interests and commonplace loves to disturb the atmosphere left by long-dead actors of stater times.

Alma kept out of the way till she was summoned to table, and Wynyard, who was waiting at the door of the saloon to take her in, was surprised at the shy gravity of her face, and her avoidance of his glance through all the first part of the meal. He thought she had been talking to her mother, and that the confidence had been ill received, and he longed for the moment when he might comfort her. *Apropos* of a love-story, provoked by one of the portraits on the walls, into which Madame de Florimel launched during supper, he threw in a remark or two, playful or serious as the case allowed, which Alma might apply to themselves as well as to the old hero and heroine if she pleased. But not even by that device could he win an upward look or a smile.

When supper was over they went into a balcony at the back of the house to get a distant moonlight view of the mountain range they had that day descended, and when Madame de Florimel was leaning over the balustrade, wrestling with a refractory

vine-branch that had lost its hold on the wood-work, Wynyard found an opportunity for a whispered word.

"Yes," he said, "I see how it is. Your mother is unhappy, and you will not look at me. Never mind, dear. We will make her a great deal happier between us by and by than she could have been any other way. But I wish I could bear the present pain for you both. I wish just now—as I never thought to wish—that I still had that to offer you which would satisfy her ambition for you, and spare you the pain of disappointing her."

"Do you—do you indeed?" Alma cried, startled out of her caution for a moment, and looking up at him with eager glad eyes. "Should you really be glad to know that we were not going to be poor?"

"I do not know that we shall be what I call poor," he answered, a little mortified at her eagerness. "Have a little faith in me, Alma, and persuade your mother to believe me worth something. It is not such a very hard lot I am asking you to share, dear, that you need look so fearful over it and refuse me a smile on our betrothal night. I promise not to turn my back on any good fortune that comes, provided it is not through Mr. Kirkman's conjuring. Will that satisfy you?"

She would not see the hand stretched out to take hers, but slipped to Madame de Florimel's side, and busied herself with the vine-shoots till it was time to go in.

Bitter thoughts against herself swelled up in her heart. It was always the same, she told herself; unfit for either course—too half-hearted to carry out any line of action thoroughly good or bad; a waif buffeted about by caprice and conscience, and getting the evil of both courses by half-doing. If she could have responded cordially, and assured him that she did not fear poverty with him all might have been well, and the good news might even yet have come sweetly; but conscience

had made a coward of her, and planted a thorn already in their intercourse. Would that little wrong-doing in the beginning always crop up in her thoughts like this! or would she have strength—the evil strength or the good strength, she did not know which—to crush down the remembrance effectually at last, and walk into the perfect happiness that seemed so very close to her, and yet, in spite of what had been said to-day, not hers yet—not in her heart this moment?

Wynyard remained out in the balcony long after the ladies had left him. It had been an exciting day, a wonderful day, and it was not surprising that he could not all at once turn to his letters, especially as that thin letter with the Paris post-mark and the little hard circlet inside was the one in all the budget that recurred to his thoughts first. The shrinking he felt to open it was a greater pain and remorse to him than it would have been to a man who had less high views of what the relationship between men and women should be than he had long entertained. It was in vain that he told himself, he might well be thankful there was so little to look back upon with regret on his betrothal night. He had once thought to give a thoroughly loyal heart, that had never swerved, to the woman who loved him, and to have the assurance within himself that no other woman's life had been troubled or made the worse by him. And now there was the recollection of the shy happiness in Emmie's eyes when they stood upon the hill together at La Roquette, and—whatever there might be in that letter—to stand between him and the thorough satisfaction in Alma's surrender he had once thought to have. He did not think that there would be anything for Emmie but a moment's pain and surprise when she heard; and yet to have disturbed that trustful childlike heart with a moment's pain seemed a cursed thing to have done, and he would have given a great deal

that it all had not happened. The more he tried to think only of Alma, and to recall her looks and her words and dwell on the wonder of her surrender, the triumph of being loved by her after all—the more vividly did this little sting of regret trouble and pain him. It ought all to have been such perfect joy, and he was angry with himself for the want of loyalty that admitted a drawback in it. At last, when everything was still outside, and all the little lights had disappeared from the scattered houses on the hill-sides, he turned back into the room where the fire-light had sunk down to glowing red embers and a solitary candle was burning on the centre table, and took out his letters. There was a large packet forwarded from his chambers in London, and Emmie's letter which he opened first and read through, then he slowly tore it into small pieces, throwing them one by one on the fire. Yes—it had been worse even than he had anticipated;—the hopeless tone, decipherable enough through the simple words, the sad little postscript, and, worst of all, the tear-blister just at the corner of the paper where there was no writing, and which must have fallen as she folded it. He sat looking at the fire, seeing, not that, but the May rosebud on the dusty road from which he had ridden away, till he grew out of patience with himself, and turned sharply back to the lamp light and the budget of letters on the table, determined to give a new direction to his thoughts.

Several letters fell out when he opened the packet, and he took them up at random without looking at their dates. The first he read puzzled him a good deal. It was in an unknown hand, and referred to some communication sent on a previous day, an answer to which was anxiously expected. It ended with a postscript still more incomprehensible than the rest of the letter. "The body has not yet been found, but the coasts are being watched day and night, and two bodies of the ship-

wrecked crew came ashore this morning."

The next letter he tore open was from one of his literary colleagues, and was filled with congratulations on a sudden change of fortune. Throwing that aside, he came on a few lines from young Lawrence, written just before he started for Scotland, in which the whole story was plainly told.—"Anstice is dead.—Drowned in Scotland—close to his place on the coast of Skye, where his mother was staying. She is in a dreadful state, and I am setting out to go to her to-day. You should come at once, for I sha'n't like to take more responsibility than I can help, and everything now devolves on you. You will have heard all particulars of the accident before my letter reaches you, for of course you were written to first. Getting no answer from you, Mrs. Anstice's companion sent to me, the only one of poor Ralph's friends at all come-at-able, likely to have seen anything of him of late, or be able to comfort his mother with news of him. Poor fellow! it is altogether a miserable business. It seems he had had a quarrel with his mother, and had been keeping out of every one's way according to his wont. This is what I gather from his personal servant, just come to me from Leigh, who had heard nothing of his master for a month or more before this terrible event. I don't congratulate you on the splendid fortune that must all come to you now. You will feel too much cut up about poor old Ralph to care to be congratulated yet; but all the same there can be no doubt about it; you're the right man in the right place at last, and have a fine career before you." There was a postscript to this letter too. "I just stepped in to No. 20, Belgrave Square, to tell Lady Forrest. She was immensely interested on your account, as no doubt other friends will be." Wynyard missed the postscript at first, and even when his eye fell upon it, on taking up the letter a second

time, it did not make much impression, though long afterwards the words came back to his memory with a terrible light upon them.

Apart from the natural sorrow on hearing of the sudden death of a companion of early years, Wynyard was not the sort of man to feel any great elevation of spirits at the news of an unexpected acquisition of riches. He was too much in love with his own plans, too confident in his own powers of making a position for himself in the world without adventitious help, to escape a twinge of regret when the possibility of carrying them out, and achieving his own aims was thus snatched away. The new career offered him presented its weight of responsibilities first to his mind, and that with crushing effect. It was not till after hours of thought and efforts to calm himself that brighter views began to steal in, and whisperings of new hopes and ambitions to make themselves heard. Alma—he was tempted for a moment to regret that she too would be baffled of her design of giving up the world for love. He should never know now how bravely she would have met difficulties, how nobly she would have encouraged him to wait patiently for well-earned success if it had been slow in coming. He had had such dreams about her once, but that was before his confidence in her had been shaken. No—in spite of to-day he could not go back to faith in that reading of her character. The best he could do was to rejoice heartily for her sake that she was spared a trial which might have been too great for her strength, and to resolve not to be over-critical as to the

manner in which she should receive the news to-morrow morning. He would not measure the joy and triumph there would surely be on her face as if it afforded any test of the degree in which she valued his possessions above himself.

It was long after he had sought the quaint little bed, prepared for him in an alcove beyond the salon, before he could sleep; but, wearied out at last with the excitement of the day, he slept heavily and long, and the morning light was streaming full into the room when he opened his eyes. It showed him between the curtains of the alcove the salon table still strewn with letters, and the tapestry chair where he had sat last night reading *that* news. He heard voices in the garden below, Alma and Madame de Florimel talking to each other, and all the events of yesterday came back instantaneously and clearly into his mind, one, as it were, balancing and steadying the other. He had awakened into a new existence, and the people around him had something of the aspect of strangers. Alma was his—yes—but he thought of her rather as the future Lady Anstice than as his old love, and he himself was hardly himself—something less, perhaps, than his former self, for the death of poor Ralph who had believed in him as no other, not even his wife, would ever believe in him again. Well, it was late, and there was a great deal to be done; he must start that morning for England, and he had better go down as quickly as possible into the garden where Madame de Florimel was pottering among her vegetables as if it were yesterday, and get over the task of telling his news.

To be continued.

A STATE DINNER IN ANDORRA.

DURING much residence in the Basque country and other Pyrenean districts, I had learnt to attribute small value to local relics of Charlemagne. As some Spanish historians trace everything to Tubal, so Pyrenean writers have found an easy solution to puzzling problems in the indefinite omnipotence and varied relations of the legendary emperor and his mythic court. At Roncesvalles I had been unable to hear anything regarding the boots, mace, and gauntlet of Roland, which, according to French guide-books, the monks exhibit with pride. I had learnt that the Basque *Chant d'Altabiscar* is a forgery of the present century; and the situation of the Pas de Roland and the Brèche de Roland had convinced me that the name of Roland is attached to places where the famous paladin probably never passed. In visiting Andorra in the spring of 1869, I had therefore little hope of finding that the so-called Republic possessed its liberties in virtue of a charter granted by Charlemagne, and still preserved in a mysterious iron chest, with other documents inscribed on palm leaves and plates of lead. The writers of such fables have been careful to add that the Andorrans regard their archives as sacred, that they will not allow them to be seen, and that they are peculiarly reticent regarding their political affairs. Every document in the Andorran archives has been carefully studied by my friend M. J. F. Bladé, who experienced not the slightest difficulty in obtaining leave to examine them, and to whose researches and suggestions I am greatly indebted.

The liberties of Andorra are not due to any exceptional charter granted by Charlemagne, but have a far more interesting though less romantic source. The question of their origin is distinct from the question of their preservation; and

it is as regards the last point alone that we shall find anything exceptional in Andorra. The internal government of Andorra is a surviving specimen of an immemorial organization, that formerly obtained in all the pastoral valleys of the Pyrenees, and that, being a natural consequence of the peculiar needs and occupations of mountain shepherds, appears to have spontaneously arisen wherever similar wants and habits existed—wherever, in any country, like simple interests gave rise to like simple needs. But while in the compact mountain mass of Switzerland, and in the knot of mountains that surround the late head-quarters of Don Carlos, the pastoral communities have joined together to preserve their liberties effectually against all encroachment,—the communities of the Pyrenees, separated by high ridges, and spread along a thin chain, with no general centre around which to rally, and long bordered by many feudal states whose rulers were rarely at one, have never largely united to maintain their independence, and have thus separately been deprived of their ancient privileges—almost the last of these being swept away by the French Revolution. Apart from the Spanish Basque Provinces, Andorra is the main exception; and it owes its preservation to the power of the Romish Church. Its *suzeraineté*, held by the Bishops of Urgel, is indivisibly and equally shared by them with the French Crown, in virtue of a charter executed in 1278. All attempts to violate this charter have been met by the "*non possumus*" of the Bishops; and this, together with the rival claims of France and Spain, and the insignificance of the territory, peopled by about six thousand inhabitants, accounts for the persistence of the ancient organization and freedom of Andorra, which are recognised by the terms of the

charter. Henry IV. would not permit the Bishops to introduce the Inquisition, and the Bishops have resented all innovations from the other side. Andorra is thus a fossil specimen of a Pyrenean valley of the 13th century, and in it we may still study the early liberties that then flourished throughout the Pyrenees, as well as the influence that feudalism exerted upon them.

The Act of Division of the *suzeraineté* of Andorra, which is the oldest charter possessed by the Andorrans, was executed in 1278, between the Bishop of Urgel and the Count of Foix, by the arbitration of Pedro III., king of Arragon. This Andorran Charter, dating from almost the traditionary year of the birth of William Tell, accords no new liberties, but only recognises liberties already existing. In nearly every Pyrenean valley, the existence of similar liberties was recognised in the charters and judgments granted by the local potentates who inherited or seized the fragments of the empire of Charlemagne. The united inhabitants of each valley treated on equal terms with their suzerain, agreeing that he should exercise certain rights, on condition of his observing their customary privileges. According to the varying power of their suzerains, and according to the necessities of their position or the protecting power of their natural fortifications, the inhabitants of each valley were able to preserve their ancient immunities and usages in varying integrity and up to different dates. Unable to resist the power of united France or united Spain, these separate valleys followed for the most part the fate of the particular feudal states whose seigneurs they recognised. The liberties of the French valleys scarcely survived the reign of Louis XIII., although those of the Vallée d'Aspe sheltered a protestant community after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the French Basque country preserved its privileges up to the Revolution. Most of the Spanish valleys lost their independence under Philip V., although that of the Navarrese valleys was only

abolished by Espartero and the progressists under Christina, and that of the Basque provinces has, by united resistance, been partially preserved till now. Throughout the Pyrenees there still however exist vestiges of the ancient liberties in the customs of the people, even in certain local and peculiar syndicates whose administrative powers were recognised by a law passed in 1837, to remedy the confusion introduced by the ignorant tyranny of the Paris demagogues.

Andorra is composed of six parishes, naturally bounded towards France by the crest of the Pyrenees, and communicating with Spain only by a long and narrow gorge. The particular affairs of each parish are in the hands of a Local Council, headed by an executive of two *consuls*. The general affairs of the six parishes are ruled by a General Council, composed of four *consuls* from each parish (the two in office, with the two who held office in the preceding year); this General Council appointing a syndie-general and two assistant syndics, who compose the executive of the State, and can call out the militia, which is organized in each parish under local captains. The feudal power of the suzerains of the thirteenth century is represented by two *viguers*—one appointed by each of the present suzerains, with the approval of the General Council. These *viguers* review the militia, and command it in the case of invasion, but no Andorran can be called to serve beyond the limits of the valley, nor can foreign soldiers be introduced. The *viguers* also administer criminal justice without appeal, but only with strict observance of the local customs of procedure, and with the concurrence of the local magistrates. Civil justice is administered, strictly according to local customs, by two native *baillis*, appointed by the *viguers*, with the concurrence of the council. A judge of appeal, named alternately by each suzerain, decides civil cases in the second instance. Foreign law can only affect the Andorrans in virtue of a right of appeal to the suzerain in

important civil cases, which they may exercise if not satisfied with the decision of the judge of appeal: in such exceptional cases, the French Cour de Cassation or the Chapter of Urgel may be called on to decide. The suzerains also receive a fixed annual tribute of about forty pounds to the French Crown, and about half that sum, together with some special dues, to the Bishop of Urgel: this tribute is paid by the General Council, and no fiscal powers can be exercised by the suzerains. Nor can these payments be strictly regarded as a tribute, since they are amply compensated by special commercial and other privileges. The Andorrans are thus exempt from foreign military service, from foreign justice, and from foreign taxation; the feudal power is little else than nominal, while it saves expense in the administration of justice, allows untaxed traffic with neighbouring towns, and aids in protecting the territory,—in return for which advantages a trifling tribute is paid, the *viguers* are hospitably entertained, and the suzerains may entitle themselves Princes of Andorra.

The government of Andorra is aristocratic; or rather patriarchal. Flocks and mountain pastures being less subdivisible than arable land, a rigid custom of primogeniture preserves the property of the leading houses, while the earliest traditions and customs point to the immemorial recognition of leading names. At the same time, the younger members and even descendants of a family have recognised claims upon the table and the hearth; while the head of the family, although perhaps worth twenty thousand pounds, sits at meals with his servants, and dresses almost exactly as they do. Nothing struck me more in Andorra than the apparent equality of all ranks; but the patriarchal feeling which makes the Andorrans treat each other in a friendly and cordial manner, is the basis of a strictly oligarchical government. The affairs of each parish, and still more the affairs of the whole State, are naturally, and by immemorial custom, left in the

hands of the chief heads of families; for younger sons, not inheriting pastoral property, are excluded from a government that is almost wholly concerned with its regulation and interests, and the poorer inhabitants are regarded as younger sons. In the simple and closely-knit Andorran community, where the paths of industry are limited and invariable through narrow natural conditions, the poor are necessarily the dependants of the rich, and have neither power nor temptation to assert independence; while the same conditions keep the rich regardless of the interests of the poor.

Here, however, I must admit that the last paragraph relates to Andorra rather as it was before 1866 than as it is at the present day. Before that date an element of confusion had long existed in the smuggling interest; and the diffusion of democratic theories, together with the eagerness of the bishop for a road communicating with his vassals, led to repeated though almost bloodless battles concerning the establishment of gaming-houses. The democratic innovators, led by the *viguier* of the bishop, were ultimately defeated. It was shortly after these events that I first visited Andorra.

From the railway-station of Foix, I followed a fine high road to l'Hospitalet, a poor village near the head of the Ariège valley. Near this place an old woman informed me that *le roi d'Andorre* had lately passed. This was the *viguier* of the French Crown (he is the present Vicomte de Foix) on his annual visit to Andorra, to administer justice and review the militia. Following a mule-path from l'Hospitalet, I soon passed the cabin of a douanier, which marked the Andorran frontier, for a portion of the desolate pastures on the French side of the watershed have been anciently appropriated by the Andorran shepherds. By these pastures, covered with mules, cows, and sheep, I ascended to a col at above 8,000 feet, and descended into a grassy valley, overhung by snowy peaks, and populous with flocks and herds. At length, passing some grimy cottages, built of rough stones and logs

of unpainted pine, the path improved, and at night I reached Canillo, where the Syndic General resided. Next morning this functionary received me on an open balcony, beneath the wide eaves of his Swiss-like house, and where he was sitting at a table strewn with papers, giving audience to respectful villagers. Although worth more than twenty thousand pounds, and practically supreme governor of Andorra, he was dressed like the other peasants, in a short jacket and knee-breeches of coarse brown wool, blue stockings, a wide sash, hempen sandals, and a Phrygian bonnet (Catalan cap) of purple wool. Handling his bonnet with rustic courtesy, he read my letter of recommendation, and assured me that I would be well received by the *viguier* and other authorities at the Andorran capital. He showed me out through a large eating-room, walled, floored, and roofed with unpainted pine, the kitchen being in a kind of box at one end; and at the stable-door which was the entrance to his house I left him to resume his bonnet. Below Canillo the gorge narrowed, and a rocky path, marked with diminutive chapels, rose and fell upon the slopes, till the dark houses and smoky forges of Encamp appeared between green basins dotted with white star flowers. Then Las Escaldas, rich in hot sulphurous springs, and where the coarse cloth of the native costume is roughly manufactured from native wool, closed the entrance to a vast and sunny basin, where, across green fields and scattered trees, I could see the houses of the Andorran capital, cresting a hog-backed platform, at the foot of the huge black precipice of the Mont Anclor.

After breakfasting and securing a bedroom, in the corner of which a pile of old-fashioned firelocks recalled the recent fights, I proceeded to the *Casa dels Valls*, where the General Council holds its sittings, and the *viguier* administers supreme justice. This building, standing on the edge of the precipitous slope that bounds the village, and distinguished by a small turret at its exterior corner and the arms of the valley

sculptured over its low arched door, is of no great age, for the meetings of the Council were formerly held in the churchyard. A crowd of peasants, whose brown, purple, or scarlet bonnets wagged excitedly, and among whom were many of the militia—distinguished only by carrying slender, single-barrelled guns, black with rust, and of old-fashioned construction—grouped about the door. Admission was denied me till the court had been consulted, and then, between two guards, with arms carried, I was conducted through the stable that formed the basement, and up a decayed wooden stair, to a large, bare, barn-like room. Here the *viguier*, dressed in black, and wearing a sword with black belt and scabbard, met me at the door. Having explained that my motive was curiosity, and presented some credentials, I was provided with a seat on the bench, and justice resumed its interrupted course. The court occupied a raised dais, above which an opened cupboard showed a picture of Christ in the centre, and the arms of the valley on the sides. Immediately beneath this sat the *viguier*, while at a plain deal table below him a secretary took notes of the proceedings. On his right hand, two ancient *consuls*, draped in huge brown woollen cloaks, and with black three-cornered hats, of at least a yard in width, lying beside them, watched the proceedings, and were consulted in each case; they representing the unwritten laws, or rather customs of Andorra, which the *viguier*, though finally deciding by his conscience, is required to observe. A French lawyer, to aid the *viguier* in knotty questions, and an advocate from Urgel to attend to the interests of the accused, completed the court. Four of the militia stood sentry at the door, and the prisoners, as their turn came, were called out of the crowd below, conducted between two guards to the further side of the deal table, and there left to defend themselves, with the aid of an interpreter and their witnesses. All humiliating treatment appeared to be avoided. The scarlet bonnets and old fashioned peasant

dress of the guards, the bare, rough aspect of the room, together with the supreme power of the court, and the grim fact that the *garrote* was in a box in the next room, involuntarily suggested a comparison with the tribunals of the Reign of Terror. But the worst cases were for violence committed or attempted during the recent troubles, and the most serious sentence was of two years' imprisonment in the Castle of Foix.

In the room adjoining that occupied by the court, the General Council holds its sittings, and the archives of the state are preserved in a press secured with six locks; each of these bearing the name of a parish, whose chief *consul* keeps the key, so that the documents can be visited only with the consent of all six—a natural consequence of the principle of community, and an arrangement that may be found still employed in other Pyrenean valleys. The interior of the press is divided into fourteen compartments, each of which contains a drawer filled with manuscripts. These are written in Latin, Catalan, Gascon, and French, and include no historical document older than 1277. Charters conceding particular privileges and immunities, according as the political relations of Andorra became changed by the vicissitudes of neighbouring territories, and emanating from counts of Foix, kings of France, bishops of Urgel, governors of Catalonia, and kings of Spain, are the most important instruments. Registers of the deliberations of the General Council, notes of trials, letters, and copies of documents, supply valuable and trustworthy information regarding the usages and relations of Andorra since the thirteenth century. A special drawer contains a manuscript book, the work of a learned Andorran notary, and entitled *Manual Digest*. Compiled in the last century, it supplies a complete account of the geography, government, usages, and immunities of Andorra, together with fifty-five maxims to be followed for the happiness and prosperity of the state.

When the court broke up, many of the Democratic party, including several of the prisoners, assembled at my inn, to which I had been recommended by advocates of the *Kursaal* interest. While the proceedings of the court were being angrily discussed, a peasant who had discarded the old-fashioned breeches in favour of the modern trouser, addressed me in French, asking my opinion of the tribunal, which he supposed I would agree with him in considering as a "*tribunal de comédie*." Having returned no definite answer to this question, I then learnt that this man's brother, to whom I carried a recommendation, had been condemned to three days' imprisonment in the town-house (*casa consistorial*) of his village. His offence consisted in having organised, during the carnival, a mock representation of the whole pomp and circumstance of the Andorran government, the huge three-cornered hats of the *consuls*, the amplitude of their cloaks, and the general antiquity and dilapidation of their appearance having been especially exaggerated. This carnival pageant had, according to my informant, been often represented with impunity; but the party spirit of the time had made it a punishable offence, especially as its promoter, an intelligent blacksmith and clock-maker, was a known democrat. The *viguier* had been obliged to accord a slight punishment, in deference to the opinion of the *consuls*.

But the state dinner which terminated the visit of the *viguier*, and at the same time concluded the sittings of the general council, is my pleasantest reminiscence of Andorra, as well as the source of my acquaintance with the most notable Andorrans: as representing the repast of the feudal seignior or his representative, stipulated in the old charters of many a free Pyrenean community, it possessed an historical interest; while as a specimen of the cordial hospitality of the Andorran mountaineers, it may more nearly touch the tourist. The ordinary dinners of the council had been substantial but somewhat rough, and characterized by

pastoral usages, such as the placing of half a kid before the *viguier*, and a quarter before less-honoured guests. The *Casa dels Valls* contained both a dining-room and a rude kitchen, and the councillors put up their mules in the stable that formed the basement, and slept in the attics, while the guests were lighted by two torchbearers to their inns. But the concluding dinner, being the most important ceremony, was undertaken by a rich proprietor. "Without whom," to use the expression of a native, "not a straw moves in Andorra," and whose substantial house afforded better accommodation than the *Casa dels Valls*. The *viguier* was in former times expected to return the rude pastoral hospitality, by providing a luncheon of French cakes and wines, such as were then absent from Andorran feasts; but the progress of civilisation has left little wanting to the banquets of Andorra, and I have never eaten a better dinner in Spain than that provided at the *Casa Molines*. The guests, including nearly all the officials of the state, were received in a long white-washed room, where the table was already spread. The host, who had adopted the trouser, and exchanged the Phrygian bonnet for a wideawake, was otherwise dressed like the ordinary peasants; and all the other leaders of the people were, as regards both cleanliness and costume, strictly conservative. The table, well provided with glass and cutlery, was soon surrounded by a long row of shrewd, intelligent, but unwashed countenances, crowned with nodding Phrygian caps, and half concealed by high brown collars that inclosed still higher, but starchless, linen. Except the wideawake of the host, the black dress of the *viguier*, and the garb of the few other foreigners, the company presented only the uniform and ancient fashion of Andorra, the produce of native looms, and native wool and flax. The *viguier* occupied the head of the table, the host being on his left, and the second syndic on his right—the Syndic General being unavoidably absent. There was no chaplain, for the Andorrans had

been temporarily excommunicated by the bishop, and all representatives of that suzerain had no part in the feast. Two ample supplies of each course were placed at either end of the table, and there divided by the nearest hands, and rapidly distributed by the attendants. Macaroni soup was the first course, and evidently a novelty; then followed stewed ham, peculiarly good; for, as Strabo remarks, the hams of the Ceretani (Cerdagne) are not inferior to those of the Cantabri (Bayonne); and boiled cabbage and potatoes, which are famous in Andorra, fitly accompanied the ham. A whitish sausage, often my only meat in the Catalan Pyrenees, appeared at the same time. Then seethed kid, anciently the favourite dish of the Pyreneans, and still the usual basis of their ceremonial feasts. Mutton cutlets, roast lamb, roast chicken and meat croquettes successively followed. Game of various kinds—partridge, hare, and blackcock—appeared next, for although the shooting season was over, the *chasse* is open during the time of the *viguier's* visit, by old prerogative. Capital trout from the stream concluded the meats, and chocolate custard represented pudding. Then cigarettes were rolled, and a plate of cigars passed round, while a dessert of burnt almonds, cherries, raisins, bonbons, and cakes, ornamented the table. A red wine, grown near Urgel, and without the usual harsh taste of Spanish wines; then Rancio; then a sweet wine from Urgel; and lastly, Malvoisie from the Roussillon, abundantly accompanied the feast. The cookery was plain but excellent, and had been wholly superintended by the hostess. This lady appeared at dessert, accompanied by her daughter, and carrying a basket of flowers, one of which she fastened in the button-hole of each guest. Coffee, with rum or brandy, concluded the entertainment, and no speeches were made; but a few healths were drunk, especially those of France and England, out of compliment to the foreigners. The two ancient *consuls*, whom I had seen at the tribunal, and who are special

authorities on all questions of ceremony, came round the table, and clinked glasses with me, when the health of my country was proposed. The conversation throughout the meal was tolerably animated, and turned at first mainly on the quality of the dishes; but after the first courses, there arrived, by special messenger from Urgel, an angry manifesto of the bishop, declaring that the recent tribunal had been illegal, because the episcopal *viguier* had not been present. The sonorous Latin of this document, couched in the style of a papal bull, and read out by one of the lawyers, was calculated to awe the heart. But the momentary silence that followed its delivery was soon broken by assertions of detailed privileges, and quotations of ancient precedent, uttered by the notaries and other sages of the State, and amply proving that the bishop was in the wrong, and that the Andorrans had acted strictly within the limits of their chartered rights. The bishop had appointed a *viguier* not approved by the general council; and this *viguier* had attempted to meddle in the internal government of Andorra; saved with difficulty from the enraged militia by the wiry *bailli* who sat on one side of me, the bishop's functionary had been conducted to the frontier. Strong in their ancient rights, and now countenanced by the presence of the *viguier* of France, the Andorran authorities knew that the bishop must ultimately yield, and his manifesto became the subject of hearty laughter and cautious jokes, in which respect for serviceable authority was curiously mingled with republican sentiment. The shrewd republicanism of the middle ages could be well conceived at that Andorran banquet, where the democrats, with their foreign theories, were distrusted as the allies of the encroaching suzerain.

The next day I learnt the views of the democrats. After walking with the *bailli* already mentioned, and who paused to pray at each chapel on our road, I parted from him at his hamlet, and proceeded towards the village where the intelligent blacksmith was supposed

to be confined. His brother, whom I met on the way, informed me that he was undergoing his punishment, but that I should have no difficulty in seeing him. I stopped to breakfast at the *posada* of the place, and there, in the public-room, found the prisoner calmly smoking a cigarette. While I breakfasted, he gave me his own account of all the recent troubles, showing that an intelligent desire to obtain an enlarged field for his own skilled labour, was the main source of his democratic opinions. When I at length inquired regarding his imprisonment, he informed me that he was undergoing his sentence; and, apparently in proof, produced the keys of the town-house from his pocket. Offering to show me the building, he then conducted me to a rough house situated on the *plaza*. Unlocking the door, he ushered me into the council-room, and showed me the rude kitchen and dining-room where the local council are provided for. The building was a smaller edition of the *Casa dels Valls*; and, as there, a cupboard containing a religious painting, with the arms of the valley on its doors, ornamented the chief room. The prisoner unlocked this cupboard, and gave me a minute explanation of the arms, in connection with the feudal history of the valley. Meanwhile, a number of the villagers entered the room, and listened, in attentive silence, to the lecture. He then showed his audience out, and locked the door of the building. Putting the keys in his pocket, he next took me to his own house, and, after much conversation regarding mines and metals, accompanied me to the outskirts of the village. His manner of undergoing punishment was a scarcely unfair specimen of the mild justice of Andorra. But he showed me a stout iron collar, chained to the wall of the town-house, and by which the convicted thief, with the stolen article placed before him, was pilloried in former times. The old-fashioned stocks may also still be seen in the Andorran villages.

Calling at the *Casa Molines* before leaving Andorra, I found the men of the

household at dinner, while the ladies were superintending the kitchen; and in the poorest houses I observed that the women did not sit down with the men. Throughout the Pyrenees, including the Basque Provinces, the position of the women is the same, in proportion as old customs have been preserved; but their servitude is more apparent than real, and their rights as regards property and primogeniture are singularly liberal.

From the capital of Andorra, I descended the valley to San Julian, where I enjoyed a long conversation with a leading representative of the smuggling interest. Having spent his youth in the exciting occupations of a *contrabandista*, he had now adopted a purely modern costume, and devoted himself to the interests of the gaming-house project. His views were purely commercial, and opposed to the privileges of the old aristocracy.

Following the narrow mule-path that led down the valley, I arrived in three hours at Urgel (or La Seu, the episcopal see), which is not only isolated from Andorra by a long and

narrow gorge, but still more effectually separated from the rest of Spain by the magnificent cañons of the Segre. These profound cuttings, where there is barely room for the river to pass, and along which the mule-road to Urgel from the plains is roughly hollowed in the rock, sufficiently explain the independence of all external influences which Urgel appears to have usually maintained, and which has aided the power of the bishop to the present day.

Two recent visits to Andorra have not altered my impressions of its people. Remarkable prudence and perspicuity have distinguished the dealings of the Andorran authorities with all the successive governments of their Spanish neighbours. The only leading proprietor who had joined the democrats having been expelled from the State, all imprudent innovations will probably be prevented. The bishop has made peace with his Andorran vassals, having proved his metal by inspiring with his presence and commands, the gallant defence of Urgel, under the crushing bombardment by the Alfonsists.

P. W. STUART MENTEATH.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF LAMBETH PALACE.

ALTHOUGH for the eye of the artist the array of portraits which adorns the walls of Lambeth Palace may have fewer attractions than many smaller collections—though it can boast but few that are “rich and rare,” compared with the choice gems of art which many private galleries contain—yet it has a value *sui generis*; it can show a succession more extensive and more complete than is to be found even in the most princely of England's baronial halls. What other gallery can produce an unbroken series of representatives for nearly four centuries—a descent of twenty-six generations? Such is the display Lambeth can boast. Here Warham and Tait, from the opening years of the 16th century to the later years of the 19th, are connected together by an unbroken chain. Thus what it may lack of art value—though it can boast a Holbein, a Vandyke, possibly a Kneller, a Hogarth, and a Sir Joshua—is more than made up in its historic interest and importance.

For it were scarcely possible to stand in that Guard Chamber, so rich in its own associations, surrounded by those “counterfeits” of once living men of mark, without recalling, here with patriotic pride, there with profound admiration, or with subdued sympathy, as one scans the lineaments of each face in turn, the momentous events in which each bore his part; events which have taken their place in the country's annals. Here the true lover of history will find a succession of studies; such, too, as the fastidious eye of the artist may occasionally rest upon with no little pleasure. It is in such a spirit, however imperfectly we may be able to give expression to it in language, that we desire to take our stand in this Guard Chamber, and

to dwell in thought for a brief while among the great and the good, whose portraits adorn its walls. We would contemplate them, each and all, in connection with their personal and historical associations; delighting, as we pass on, to trace in these life-like results of the limner's art the traits of each one's character, and to read in these lines the workings of the inner man, as developed and displayed in the life career of each.

The three earliest in point of time can lay but little claim to being original, or true to the life; they are probably little more than the embodiment of an early painter's fancy, based it may be upon, or adapted from, some elaborate title-page or illuminated initial of monkish chronicle or legend, or taken from the quarry of a painted window, or the marble figure on an altar tomb, long since passed away.

The name of Dunstan, first among them, carries us back little short of a thousand years; any representation of one who lived so long ago must, we naturally suppose, have been drawn from the imagination. Yet even here are depicted a firmness of character and a force of will such as might have belonged to a young favourite in Athelstan's camp, the prime minister of Edred, and the bold, wise, though unwelcome, counsellor of the thoughtless Edwy; to one who in every stage was a power in the land, and the Church's true champion. The legendary symbol of the spiritual tempter perched upon his crozier, however, beyond question proclaims it to be a mediæval work of fiction.

It is not without some reluctance that one consents to place in the same category of apocryphal portraits those of Archbishops Arundel and Chicheley which follow, and were separated from

our own times by not half so great an interval. Of that of Thomas Arundel (A.D. 1396 to 1414), all that is known is, that it is a copy, presented to Lambeth by Archbishop Cornwallis, of a painting at Penshurst Castle; the name of copyist and original artist alike unknown. It represents this scion of a noble house, cleric though he was, enrolled among Royal Princes and Nobles as one of the "Constables of Queenborough Castle" in the Isle of Sheppey; in those days a post of great honour and trust, like that of the Warden of the Cinque Ports. The proud, stern, hard lines of that face may not untruly represent the man with whose name is associated the *famosum statutum, De heretico comburendo*, legalising the burning of heretics in England.

Of his successor, Henry Chicheley, (A.D. 1414 to 1443), illustrious as a statesman, and still more so as a benefactor to the Church, the softer features are indicative of that gentler mind which graced his life, and was especially conspicuous during the nearly thirty years of his Archiepiscopate. The picture represents this eminent patron of art and architecture, the munificent and pious founder of All Souls, and second founder of St. John's, Colleges, Oxford, in the exercise of the highest as well as the most holy functions of his office; a man, who, according to Dr. Hook, though "not a Luther," desired to be in the highest sense of the word "a Reformer of the corruptions and abuses which were then debasing the Church."

Then followed five occupants of the See, their Episcopates covering rather more than half a century: John Stafford, John Kempe, Thomas Bouchier, John Morton, and Henry Dene or Deny. Of none of these is there any even apocryphal portrait in the Lambeth gallery: nor, indeed, is any known to exist; with the exception of one of Cardinal Kempe, formerly in the collection of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and now in the gallery of the Duke of Sutherland.

It is when we reach the first years of the 16th century that we feel we are treading on surer ground; that the real is superseding the ideal, and fact taking the place of fancy. It is now that this far-famed series actually commences; and it commences worthily with a genuine Holbein of Archbishop William Warham (1503 to 1533), though by some art sceptics denounced as at best only an inferior repetition of one in the Louvre. Here is one of those pictures which vividly reminds us of the lines of the poet Cowley:—

"Who to the life an exact piece would make,
... before his sight must place
The natural and living face."

This Holbein did; and he has enabled succeeding generations to see what he saw, and as he saw it, to an extent few others have ever done. This may be said of all his portraits—except perhaps the memorable one of Anne of Cleves; and notably so of this, of which his appreciative biographer Wornum thus makes special mention:—"I instance this picture [he says] as an illustration that Holbein had the power of seeing what he looked on, and of perfectly transferring to his picture what he saw." He calls it a "remarkable specimen of the painter's powers—it is a picture as well as a portrait. All the accessories are excellent."

It is believed to have been one of the first portraits of importance painted by Holbein in this country, and was presented by himself, or, as some think, by his first patron, Sir Thomas More, to the Primate. As we look upon "that noble face of 70 years," so full of character and expression, which for nearly four centuries has handed down to thousands of admirers the impression of what Warham was like, and almost made us see what Warham was, our thoughts irresistibly turn to the youthful artist himself, not yet, as Allan Cunningham describes him, "a brawny, powerful man, with a swarthy, sensual face," but, as his own canvas has represented him, with

the "fair, frank, manly face, the sweet gentle mouth, and the heavy red cap flinging its shade over the mobile melancholy brow." Such he appeared when he landed in England, a stranger, with a letter of introduction to the powerful Chancellor More, and another to the Primate, from the early friend of his youth at Basle, the scholar Erasmus; letters which proved the passport to favour at Chelsea and Lambeth, before his own successes had secured for him the exacting and almost monopolising patronage of Henry VIII. at Whitehall. When Holbein presented this picture to the Archbishop, he accompanied it with a likeness he had already painted of Erasmus. For more than a century the two hung fitly side by side. In the desecration and sacrilege perpetrated by Puritan Vandalism, both pictures were carried off, and for a time lost to Lambeth; that of Erasmus was never recovered; happily this one was found and restored to its place. It has been said of it that, "memorable as it is in the annals of art . . . it is more memorable as marking the close of the great intellectual movement which the Reformation swept away."¹ Now it is true that Warham, second only to Sir Thomas More, was the *Mecenas* of his age; under him Lambeth was the home, the shrine, of literature and art; to him Erasmus himself owed his first source of income as Rector of Aldington, near Ashford (though he never resided there), and soon after a more congenial sphere of labour in a Professor's chair at Oxford; yet the intellectual movement, the Augustan age of England and of her Church cannot be said to have closed with him—it had not yet fully dawned. Warham inaugurated the revival of true classical learning in the land; and under him, if not from himself, reappeared and flourished in the persons of Erasmus, Dean Colet, and others, the germ of that Reformation which was to prove a still nobler revival. A picture, then, which connects in our minds

¹ *Stray Studies*, by J. R. Green, p. 123.

Warham, Erasmus, and Holbein, the fathers of the *renaissance* of literature, theology, and art, is itself of priceless value, and rich in historic associations.

In the private library of the Archbishop, there is a panel painting, probably a copy of the Holbein, full of interest in itself yet little likely to be noticed in the collection which contains the noble original.

Of Warham's successor there are two portraits, which present a noteworthy contrast between the Cranmer of Henry VIII. and the Cranmer of Edward VI. (A.D. 1533—1556). The earlier one is on panel: it represents him in middle life; the eye is full of intellect; the whole face bespeaks honesty and single-heartedness; but the mouth betrays weakness of purpose; indications of character which his royal patron and master had not been slow to detect and make use of. Already may be traced on this beardless face the lines of a plastic disposition, already the individuality of the man was disappearing, and his nobler impulses being suppressed, under the arbitrary control of the king. It is a careworn face; mistrust is there; such as made him wish that he were only free to join in the escape and share the exile of brother prelates and divines, who, like himself, feared the selfish caprice, yet were not so closely bound down by obligations of place and favour to the court of the unscrupulous Henry. The history of this picture and the name of the artist are alike unknown. But the portrait bears a striking resemblance to one by Gerbicus Flicus in the British Museum, of which it looks as if it might be an enlarged copy.²

The other portrait, also by an unknown painter, represents Cranmer with the familiar noble silvery beard. Now, it is a matter of history that, after Henry's death, Cranmer never allowed the razor to touch his chin;

² Two portraits of Cranmer taken about the same period, one at Jesus College, Cambridge, the other in the possession of Captain Byng, are supposed to be by Holbein.

he suffered his beard to grow in token of mourning for the master whom he regarded with strangely mingled feelings of undoubted attachment and yet of dread. Here is still apparent the weakness of purpose by which he now subjected his own individuality to the imperious Protector Somerset, as he had done to Henry, and was being swept onward, against his more sober convictions, powerless to withstand the daily increasing influence of foreign Reformers, or to restrain the irreligious conduct of the Protestant nobility, who were enriching themselves by the spoliation of the Church. The careworn expression on his face seems to have given place to a settled melancholy, which rests upon him as though he had a sad foreboding of the end that awaited him, when the alloy of human weakness was to be smelted out in the fires of martyrdom.

Cardinal Reginald Pole, who comes next in order (1556 to 1558), appears in guise worthy of his noble birth and intrinsically noble character. It is a fine picture, full of power and spirit. If not a *replica* of the far-famed one by Piombo in the Barberini Palace at Rome, it is a copy by the undoubted hand of a master. He is full of youth and energy; such as he might have appeared when he sat as one of the Papal Legates in the earlier Sessions of the Council of Trent.

There is another portrait of Pole on panel by an unknown artist, which represents him as having grown much older (prematurely so, for he only attained the age of 58); already his luxurious beard has dwindled down from its grand proportions; and deep lines, whether of disappointment, or of disease, or of Papal persecution, have marked the face which but a few years before seemed to be without a care.

This portrait is now relegated to the walls of the private dining-room.

It is scarcely possible to stand before that of Pole's successor, Matthew Parker, without feelings of surprise and regret that the portraiture

of such a man should not have been given to posterity by one of the leading painters of his day. Filling as he did so prominent a post in those eventful years of England's history, the early ones of Elizabeth's reign (1559—1575), the English Church by general consent acknowledges her debt of gratitude to him as the true Anglican Primate of the Reformation period. Firmly withstanding alike the intrigues of the specious Romanist, and the renewal of foreign Protestant zeal to which Cranmer had weakly yielded, he was under God the instrument for restoring the Church of the nation to its Apostolic and primitive lines; moreover, he was a very Prince of the Church in liberality as well as dignity; a great patron too of art and literature, having among his staff at Lambeth painters, engravers, and printers. And yet although the Court of Elizabeth could boast of men like Sir Antonio More, Mark Garrard, and Hillyard, Matthew Parker has found no one better than a comparatively mediocre painter, Richard Lyne, whose name has no place in the list of our known national artists, to perpetuate his face on canvas, and that in a manner and with a skill little worthy to take its place between a Holbein and a Vandyke. And even for this one the Gallery is, according to Ducarel, indebted to Archbishop Potter, to whom it had been presented by James West, Pres. R. S., while a smaller and still more insignificant one on panel was the gift of Archbishop Cornwallis. It is, indeed, to a delicately lined plate by Remigius Hogenberg—an engraving¹ believed to have been the very first produced in England—that we are indebted for the true conception of what Matthew Parker was like in his ripe old age. Here we have a face bearing the impress of thought and high purpose;

¹ This engraving appears in *A Genealogy of Kings of England from the Conquest to Elizabeth*, with the inscription:—"Remigius Hogenbergius Servus D. Matt. Archiep. Cant. sculpsit. 1574."

a happy blending of personal humility with the dignity that befitted his office.

The portrait of Edmund Grindal, who succeeded (A.D. 1575 to 1583), is said, according to an engraving by S. Trotter, to have been the work of De Vos (Martin?), and may be accepted as being very expressive of his character. For while he equalled his predecessor in kindness of heart, he unhappily fell far short of him in that firmness of character which had preserved Parker from ever conceding any great principle. During the dark period of Mary's reign, while Parker had remained in safe retirement in England, Grindal, more pronounced in views, and of a more active temperament, was forced to find safety in flight, and was thus brought into close contact with the Continental Reformers; and to such an extent did this influence his mind, that, despite all his earlier training as the chaplain and friend of the Catholic-minded Bishop Ridley, his increasing sympathy with Luther, Bucer, Melancthon, and also Calvin, led him to make concessions even in regard to those vital principles of Church order which his predecessor had so wisely laid down, and so steadfastly maintained. Grindal's face in this portrait tells all this; his was a gentle pliancy of disposition; and yet he could be resolute, as he found to his cost when opposing Elizabeth on the subject of the "propheysings." His leaning to the foreign Reformers betrayed itself even in his dress, for it is said of him that never when he could avoid it would he wear episcopal robes.

Next to him comes John Whitgift (1583 to 1604), whose appointment to the Primacy was justly regarded as a turning point in the history of the English Church; indeed his character and influence are thus described by good old Isaak Walton in his *Life of Hooker*, where, speaking of the several offices he had filled at Cambridge, Ely, Lincoln, and Worcester, he adds, "In all which removes he was like the Ark,

which left a blessing on the place where it rested." In his person the friendly connection between Lambeth and Whitehall, for a time broken by Grindal, was again happily restored; for Elizabeth with all her foibles "liked an honest man," and Whitgift's consistency, courage, determination, and, above all, disinterestedness, commanded her respect, even when he ventured to differ from her, as he did very firmly when she, as Henry's own daughter, would have sanctioned further spoliations of Church property; and again, when with the decaying powers of advancing years he assented to the Lambeth Articles, which in her turn she strenuously resisted. So sincere was her regard for him that old Isaak says she used to call him "*her little black husband*." Lovingly as well as loyally did the aged Primate close his Queen's eyes; and it was no trifling mark of personal respect that her successor, James, stood in tears beside his dying bed, and gave utterance to an earnest prayer that his life might be prolonged, only to hear in reply his failing breath falter forth, "*Pro Ecclesiâ Dei! pro Ecclesiâ Dei!*"

In the portrait of Whitgift, the work of an unknown artist, we delight to dwell upon a countenance so indicative of firmness and strength of purpose, and to contemplate him not so much as the bold and able opponent of Travers and Cartwright, but as the true friend and fearless patron of the "judicious" Hooker and the only less learned Saravia.

For some time during the declining years of Whitgift, Richard Bancroft, at that time Bishop of London, had to a great extent administered the See of Canterbury; consequently on the death of the aged Primate, he was naturally looked to and accepted as his successor (1604 to 1610). It was Bancroft's misfortune to have his life chiefly written by men who, in the fervour of their Puritanism, could see in his administration of the Church nothing but what was censurable, and

who imagined a grievance in every necessary act of discipline; yet few that have filled that high post proved themselves more loyal and true sons of their mother Church, few were more justly entitled to be called "Fathers in Israel," than he of whom old Fuller says that "he was a great statesman, and grand champion of Church discipline." Receiving the reins of power from the hands of his enfeebled friend and patron, Whitgift, his was no uneventful Episcopate, for it included the Hampton Court Conference, the consecration of Bishops for the Scotch Church, and, noblest work of all, the Translation of the Bible, now known as the Authorised Version. And by the bequest of his own extensive collection of books he laid the foundation of the noble Public Library at Lambeth. It must indeed have saddened his later days if he surmised that the power he so vigorously wielded would be transmitted to one so directly opposed to him in feelings and in principle, as the new Court favourite, Dr. G. Abbott; and he evidently did forebode coming changes upon the Church; for in an early will he had bequeathed large sums for Church purposes, but fearing that all such Corporations were in danger, he cancelled those bequests by a later one; and even when bequeathing his "great and famous library of books of divinity" to the See, protected it by the wise condition that if it should be in danger at Lambeth it should be transferred to the Cambridge University.

So it befell as he perhaps feared. Although on his death men's eyes were turned to Lancelot Andrewes, then Bishop of Ely (and afterwards translated to Winchester), universally regarded as the most learned divine and most powerful preacher; or to Overall, the profoundist Canonist of that day; yet Court favour triumphed, and Abbott (who had been formerly chaplain to the Earl of Dunbar, the late powerful favourite of James), though he had barely a year before been consecrated to the See of Lichfield and

Coventry, and after one month translated to London, was within the year raised to the Primacy, on the plea that his strongly-avowed Calvinism would conciliate the Presbyterians. A satirist of the day describes the appointment by saying that Abbott "had been blown over by a strong north wind across the Thames to Lambeth." To the twenty-three years of his Primacy (1610 to 1633) may be traced much of the trouble which subsequently befell the English Church. "Bancroft (says Bishop Hackett, in his *Life of Lord Keeper Williams*, contrasting him with his unwise successor) had considered that the pastoral staff was made to bring back a wandering sheep, not to knock it down." Abbott's stern, austere manner kept all men aloof; the severity of his judgments made the clergy especially dread him; thus the affections of the people, lay and clerical alike, were alienated from the Church in his person. With him Christianity seemed to be summed up in the "Institutes" of Calvin; nothing less and nothing more; on the one hand language seemed to fail him to give full expression to the feelings he entertained against Popery, and on the other he seemed to think that the Primacy of an Established Church required of him that he should visit with the severest penalties of the law any man who dared to dissent from or go beyond *his* interpretation of its teaching. Thus under him, while the Romanist was denounced, the fires of Smithfield, which had been suffered to die out since the death of Mary, were again lighted, and two Anabaptists, Leggett and Whitman, were brought to the stake as heretics.

The portrait of Abbott is remarkable for its richness of colour and force of expression, and deserves to have rescued the artist's name from oblivion instead of adding another to the list of "unknown painters;" and if Clarendon's description of Abbott be true, that he was "a man of very morose manners, and a very sour aspect, which at that time was called gravity," the picture,

in addition to its merits as a work of art, may be accepted as having been "a speaking likeness."

From Abbott we pass to him on whom the mitre of Canterbury next devolved, and proved an inheritance woefully encumbered and imperilled by his predecessor's failings and indiscretions.

The portrait of William Laud (1633 to 1644) is an undoubted Vandyke, and was, like that of Warham by Holbein, a present from the artist himself. One cannot contemplate that face without mingled feelings; respect for that conscientious steadfastness which made him dare and do what he believed to be his duty; regret for that lack of judgment and consideration which made him so uncompromising and unconciliatory to his own ruin, and to some extent that of his royal master; and admiration of the heroism with which, at the age of three score years and ten, still true to his life-long convictions, still unbending before the malice of his enemies, unwavering in his sense of duty, unshaken in his trust in God, the old man closed a career of trouble and trial on the block: that firm dignity, not to say severity, that stern uncompromising spirit, that almost proud resignation, seem to look down upon us from the life-like canvas of Vandyke.

This picture is itself the subject of an incident recorded in the Archbishop's diary; one day near the close of the last October he spent at Lambeth (1640) he was entering his upper study, when, to use his own words, "in that study hung my picture taken by the life; and coming in I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in parliament; God grant this be no omen!" An omen, however, too true it proved; for in a few weeks he was a prisoner in the Tower, and after weary and vexatious mental torture worthy of the Inquisi-

tion, he too fell from his high place, his fate supplying a connecting link between those of his colleague Strafford and his patron Charles.

The portrait of William Juxon (1660 to 1663) cannot fail to strike one as being in *pose* and dress little more than the counterpart or repetition of that of Laud with the face reversed. Step by step he had followed his predecessor as President of St. John's College, as Bishop of London, and eventually as Primate; and yet, while identified with him in almost every act of those troubled times, how different his fate! It was no doubt the personal character, amenity of temper, and gentleness of manner, unknown to the other, that won for him the nation's confidence and praise, while Laud was only gaining hatred and mistrust. Antony Wood describes him as "a person of primitive sanctity, of great wisdom, piety, learning, patience, charity, and apostolic virtues;" and even Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, an earnest opponent of the Bishops sitting in Parliament, and one who sometimes launched upon the Episcopal Bench the keenest invective, could make exception in favour of Juxon, and say of him, as Lord Treasurer and Bishop of London, that "in an unexpected place and power he expressed an equal moderation and humility, being neither ambitious before nor proud after either the crosier or white staff."

And to this general respect it may be attributed that, though he was seized and brought before the High Court of Justice, no charge was established against him, and he was set free, and suffered to enjoy an unmolested retirement during the years of Puritan rule—or misrule. His portrait is a copy of one at Long Leat, where it appropriately holds its place in the house which a quarter of a century after furnished a home to the saintly Bishop Ken. The names of artist and copyist alike are unknown; the picture was inserted in the Lambeth series by Archbishop Cornwallis. That

sad face seems as if the echo of the mysterious word "Remember!" addressed to him by Charles I. on the scaffold were still floating around him.

There is a current tradition that Juxon, with characteristic humility, persistently refused to sit to any painter, and that the picture at Long Leat, as also the better known one at S. John's College, Oxford (which is also the work of an unknown artist), were executed from memory; or perhaps, rather, upon an adaptation of the Laudian dress and bearing, the face being painted in after death, for which much facility was offered by the body lying in state in the Oxford Divinity School for two days. There is also another likeness of Juxon hanging over the doorway of the adjoining Long Gallery at Lambeth Palace, which represents him in the stillness and repose of death: this was no doubt taken under the circumstances already alluded to.

Gilbert Sheldon, who comes next (1663 to 1667), was the son of a favourite domestic of Lord Shrewsbury's, and rose to this high position by his own unaided talents. The twelve years of the Protectorate which Juxon had enjoyed in undisturbed, because in comparatively inactive, retirement, had been spent by Sheldon in active though covert support of the exiled house of Stuart; and soon after their return to power he received his reward at their hands, and the predictions of his early life were fulfilled. For, according to Lord Clarendon, he was early "looked upon as very equal to any preferment the Church could yield him," and even the Parliamentarian, Sir F. Wenman, said of him that he "was born and bred to be Archbishop of Canterbury." In Sheldon we see a political Churchman rather than a Divine. Contact with the rampant hypocrisy of many leading Puritans made him suspect all pretence to special piety as being nothing but a cloak for disloyalty and dishonesty. Personal wrongs, and the wrongs of the Church, had formed in him a seem-

ing severity against Nonconformists; and as they were the chief historians of the day, his name has come down to us blackened with all the obloquy which reciprocated hatred could cast upon it. Yet be it remembered of Sheldon that he dared to rebuke the immoralities of Charles II. and his Court, and also exhibited a personal as well as moral courage; for when, in 1665, the plague raged in London, and almost every one who could fled from the doomed city, not only did he never leave Lambeth, though victims were dying in numbers at the very gates of the Palace, but he ministered freely to their wants from his own wealth, and from funds which at his solicitation were supplied from all parts of the country. To his liberality Oxford bears witness, in that noble building called after him the "Sheldonian Theatre," built entirely at his own cost. He was also a liberal contributor to the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral; and to him the See of London is indebted for an Episcopal House in St. James's Square, which was taken down by Howley, when Bishop of London, to make room for the present building. He was the friend of Ussher, Hammond, Sanderson, and other kindred spirits; and yet the lineaments of his face, as given in either of the two portraits of him in the Palace (one a copy of that at Broom Hall, presented by Archbishop Cornwallis, the other by an unknown artist, probably a copy from a picture by D. Loggan), seem, with their severe and almost repellent expression to explain how, with self-reliant reserve, he failed to secure general esteem and fitting recognition in his own generation, and that place to which his natural gifts and conspicuous career entitled him in the ecclesiastical history of the country.

The appointment of William Sancroft, whose Episcopate ranged from 1678 to 1691, marks an eventful period in the history of the English Church. He, like Sheldon, had risen by his own merits and ability as a contro-

versalist, first to the Deanery of St. Paul's, and to the dignified position of Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation, and then was selected, probably as much to his own surprise as to that of others, to fill the post vacated by the death of Sheldon. It is not on Burnet's description of Sancroft, who seemed to seize every opportunity of depreciating him, that an estimate must be formed of his intellectual power and his high-minded zeal; nor is it by the futile tenacity with which he clung to Lambeth after his deprivation that he must be judged. Loyalty and devotion to the house of Stuart, for which he had suffered much, and jealous assertion of the Church's endangered rights, were the principles on which, on the one hand, he and his brother bishops based their resistance to the unconstitutional demands of James II., becoming the victims of the memorable trial, and the heroes of the still more memorable acquittal, at Westminster Hall; and on the other hand, their refusal to transfer their allegiance from the king at whose hands they had suffered so cruel a wrong to the son-in-law who, as they considered, had usurped his throne. However much the wisdom or the policy of his nonjuror action may be questioned, Sancroft, who was naturally a retiring student, evinced undoubted talent and sound learning in the general administration of the See. Yet so strong was the tendency to depreciate his worth on the part of the court nominees of the time, that scant justice was done to his memory. Indeed, as has been well said, "for many years after the Revolution not one of his successors had the spirit or generosity to hang up his picture in the Palace, till Archbishop Cornwallis (observing the portrait of him by P. Lens in the Gallery at Emanuel College, Cambridge, to which he had been so liberal a benefactor) obtained leave to have a copy of it taken, which now occupies its place in the Lambeth series." Another portrait of Sancroft,

by Luttrell, has also found a place in the Long Gallery of the Palace, having been added to the Collection by Archbishop Manners Sutton. A good engraving of this, by Meyer, forms the frontispiece to D'Oyly's life of this Primate. A third, also reputed, though on what authority is not known, to be a likeness of Sancroft in early life, hangs in the Long Gallery. It represents a young man in the character of a student, book in hand, and on the bottom of the frame are printed the words—"Rapido contrarius orbi"—but what their meaning and their application to his case it seems impossible to discover.

Lambeth has witnessed many contrasts in the succession of its Primates, but perhaps none—not even the transition from Bancroft to Abbott—more striking than when the crosier passed from the reluctant hands of William Sancroft into those of John Tillotson. Sancroft was essentially a High Churchman, Tillotson avowedly a Broad one tinged with Calvinism; the one appointed under Charles II., the other the nominee of William III.; the one a profound scholar, his sermons, like those of Lancelot Andrewes, minute, terse, epigrammatic; the other, without any great pretence to high learning, but the most distinguished and popular preacher of his day. Judging from this portrait, Archbishop Tillotson must also have been a man of strikingly attractive presence. Some doubt appears to exist regarding the painter of this picture; it is undoubtedly the very counterpart of one in the possession of Earl Somers, an acknowledged work of Sir Godfrey Kneller: on an engraving by Holt, it is ascribed to that artist; moreover it was so designated in the Exhibition of National Portraits (in 1867) at South Kensington. On the other hand, Ducarel, and those who follow him, have ascribed it to Mrs. Beale, a pupil of Sir Peter Lely, who was a copyist rather than an original painter. Recent opinion, however, seems to incline towards Kneller as the original

artist. The change of head-dress which occurred at this period may be noted in the contrast between this portrait and a second one in the Long Gallery (by an unknown artist). In the one the familiar skull-cap of his predecessors is abandoned, and he appears with his natural hair; but in the other a wig, not powdered, but resembling human hair, marks the introduction of the change, which continued to the days of Archbishop Sumner, the first to dispense with the wig.

On the sudden death of Tillotson, Stillingfleet, the able and learned Bishop of Worcester, was commonly regarded as his most fitting successor; but Court favour ruled it otherwise. Dr. Thomas Tenison, who had for many years held the prominent position of vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where he had somewhat distinguished himself by his strenuous opposition to Popery during the latter years of James II., and had been recently appointed to the See of Lincoln, was selected for the Primacy (1694 to 1716) in the belief (as it was currently said) that "he would do no harm." His life embraced some noteworthy events: as Vicar of St. Martin's he attended Nell Gwynne in her dying moments, and the Duke of Monmouth on the scaffold; and, as Archbishop of Canterbury, was present at the death-bed of Mary, consort of William III. He was a mild and amiable man, and by disposition a retiring student; contrasting perhaps unfavourably with the eloquence of his brilliant predecessor. Yet he has left his mark on Lambeth, as the Archives of the Palace show; for they are indebted to him not only for the valuable collection of books presented by himself, but for the still more valuable Manuscripts which he left to his learned Chaplain, Dr. Edmund Gibson (afterwards Bishop of London), by whom they were eventually bequeathed to the Library; while both St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and Lambeth retain mementoes of his liberality in valuable endowments of their schools.

His portrait by R. White was generally accepted as a good likeness, and certainly seems to answer Mackay's description of him—that he was "a plain, good, heavy man."

Tenison was succeeded by William Wake, who held the Primacy for some twenty years (1716 to 1737). He was a divine of considerable learning, and the author of many valuable works, chiefly controversial, but appears to have taken little part even in the somewhat unimportant events of his day. It is one of the traditions of Lambeth that he was the last Archbishop who went to Parliament by water; and from his time it would seem that the State Barge fell into comparative disuse. His portrait is ascribed to Isaac Whood.¹

Still more conspicuous for learning was the next occupant of the Archbishopric, John Potter (1737 to 1747), the author, among other learned works, of *Archæologia Græca*: his advancement to the Primacy is another striking illustration of the possibility of men of lowly birth rising to the highest offices of Church or State by their own individual merits. And in a picture in the adjoining gallery may be traced, somewhat singularly, the promise of Archbishop Potter's early life: it represents a boy with a face full of intelligence, his hand inserted between the pages of a well-bound book, while a scroll records—"ætatis suæ VI anno 1679. The appearance of this picture in Lambeth is not without interest." In the year 1842, a yeoman churchwarden of a Northamptonshire parish casually mentioned to his rector that there had descended to an ancestor of his, and was now in his possession, a picture, which family tradition said was the likeness of a very clever little boy, the son of a linendraper at Wakefield in Yorkshire, who, at the age of six years could read the Greek Testament (and had read it up to the place marked in the one he holds in his hand), and after-

¹ According to the *South Kensington Exhibition Catalogue* of 1867.

wards became Archbishop of Canterbury. Now Archbishop Potter was the son of a Wakefield linendraper, and was born *about* the year 1674, which would place him in his sixth year in 1679, the date thus confirming the tradition, and supplying a clue to the identification; the little volume, too, looks as it might well have been a Greek Testament; and the boy's mind must have been one of unwonted precocity, such as is always ascribed to Potter, to find pleasure in such reading at six years of age. The picture itself, probably the work of some local artist, is not without merit; and, rescued from oblivion in a small bedroom in a Northamptonshire farmhouse, and presented to Archbishop Howley, is appropriately and happily preserved within the Palace of which the subject was so distinguished an occupant during the last ten years of his life.

Potter was succeeded by Thomas Herring (1747 to 1757), a man of cultivated mind, but more distinguished for political activity than for administrative power. Indeed, he is believed to have owed his speedy promotion from York to Canterbury to the strong support he gave to the House of Hanover in the memorable rising of '45. His is one of the comparatively few portraits from the easel of Hogarth, so much better known for his satirical or home-scene paintings.

Next to him came Matthew Hutton, also promoted from York; but his tenure of the Primacy was a very brief one, extending only over a few months (1757 to 1758). He seemed to come of a family of Bishops, and was the direct lineal descendant of his namesake, the Dr. Matthew Hutton who had preceded him in the See of York in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His portrait is by Hudson, who was by some regarded as "the first portrait-painter of the day," and even as "another Vandyke *incognito*;" while a modern critic has described his art as containing the "very dregs of the old traditions." In the adjoining

Long Gallery and private rooms of the Palace there are other portraits by Hudson of distinguished Bishops: but it must be admitted that in all of them, as in that of Archbishop Hutton, the likeness, however true it may be, seems tame and lifeless.

A gallery which can boast its Holbein, its Vandyke, and its Hogarth, should not be without its Sir Joshua, and from the easel of that distinguished painter we have the portrait of Thomas Secker, who was Archbishop from 1758 to 1768. Unhappily in this as in other portraits in the Palace and elsewhere by the same hand, the too common defect of the colours used by him betrays itself, leaving a deathlike, or rather leprously pallid, complexion. From Secker's antecedents, his rise to the Primacy could have been little anticipated, for he was the son of Dissenting parents. The gift of preaching, so rare in the Church at that day, but so much cultivated in the Nonconformist connection to which he belonged, probably helped to bring him into note after he had been admitted into English Orders. His rise, considering the many stages through which he passed, was one of almost unprecedented rapidity. Ordained in 1722, within twelve years he was rector of the royal parish of St. James, Westminster; two years after Bishop of Bristol, in another two years translated to Oxford; and raised to the Primacy in 1758. He was an elegant rather than a profound scholar. The memorials which he left behind of his zeal and activity are to be found, not in writings of his own, but in a collection of books and manuscripts and collations, which are among the most valuable of the treasures in Lambeth Library.

The succession of men who had attained to the highest dignity in the Church from comparatively humble origin—notably among them Sheldon, Sancroft, Tillotson, Potter, Secker—is here broken by the advancement of a scion of a noble house, Frederick Cornwallis (1768 to 1783), a younger

son of Charles, 4th Baron Cornwallis, the first Primate of high birth since the days of Cardinal Reginald Pole. At a period when life and energy were so rare in the Church at large, we must not be surprised that so little remains to be recorded of his Episcopate. His most distinguishing traits of character are said to have been "moderation, affability, and hospitality;" but he is also noted to his honour that he effected a change in the domestic arrangements of Lambeth, which came from him with all the better grace (it could not, without considerable difficulty, have come from any one who was not himself of high birth), by abolishing the distinction which had hitherto assigned to the chaplains a lower place in the dining hall, and receiving them as companions at his own table. There is a fine portrait of him by Dance; and as has been also mentioned, the Gallery is indebted to him for several copies of portraits by which the previous series is completed.

We now again see the Primacy conferred upon one who, like so many before him, rose out of the middle classes, and who attained this high position under circumstances of peculiar interest. On the death of Cornwallis the vacant Primacy was at once offered to Bishop Lowth, whose refined and profound learning was shedding no ordinary lustre on the See of London; but he declined the Archbishopric out of sincere affection for his own diocese. It was then offered to Bishop Hurd, of Worcester, a brilliant scholar, and at that time in high favour with the King and the Royal family; but he also declined it on the plea of old age and "love of lettered ease." Each of the two was then separately asked by George III. to recommend the most fitting man for the vacant post; and both without previous concert named Dr. John Moore, at that time Bishop of Bangor. The general ecclesiastical stagnation of the time gave no occasion for the exercise or display of his undoubted

talents; and although his name is too frequently associated with the prevailing nepotism of that age, in which perhaps he was only more noted than others from the greater opportunities afforded by his high office, it should ever be remembered that he rendered his Episcopate (1783 to 1805) memorable by being the first Primate who recognised the claims of the Colonies to Episcopacy. The Church of North America and Nova Scotia rejoice to trace their Apostolic Succession from his hands, though Dr. Seabury, an American subject, had been obliged, by the so interpreted law of that day, to seek consecration from the Scotch Church. Romney's portrait of Archbishop Moore does full justice to the intellectual vigour of mind which accompanied a strikingly handsome face and dignified bearing. Another likeness of Moore hangs over the fireplace in the private dining-room; the peculiarity of the attitude, the face being turned away and only one cheek visible, is not without its significance, for during the latter years of his life an eruption on one cheek is reported to have somewhat marred the fine countenance for which he had been distinguished.

Dr. William Howley followed next in order (A.D. 1828 to 1848). His was an intellect of a high order, and a richly cultivated mind: he was a finished classic, and a theologian of no mean power; and while the gentleness of his nature led him to be ever seeking after peace, he yet possessed a judicial firmness of purpose which refused to compromise in any way a vital principle; this steadfastness was signally shown in the closing days of his life, when the question was pending as to the obligation to consecrate a nominee of the Crown whose orthodoxy was gravely called in question. During twenty momentous years did he control the religious movements of the age with such gentle firmness that the control was scarcely recognised, conciliating all parties by his gentleness, yet keeping all within bounds by

his firmness, so that men of either extreme loved and respected him. His character has been well described by Bishop Doane of New Jersey, as "the impersonation of apostolic meekness, sweetening apostolic dignity." His occupancy of the See was especially remarkable for the rapid increase of the Colonial Episcopate. On his accession the English Church only numbered five Bishops in all her Colonies. But to his active co-operation was greatly due the success of the movement for their increase, and, although prevented by sickness from taking part in the Consecration of five in one day—the memorable St. Bartholomew's Day, 1842—in Westminster Abbey, he was permitted himself, five years after, to consecrate four more in the same noble building, and before his death there were no less than twenty-seven Bishops in different parts of our Colonial Empire. Nor must an Act, more directly affecting the Home Church, be overlooked (its passing being mainly due to his zealous efforts), by which the pulpits of the English Church were opened to the Bishops and Clergy of Scotland and America. One who knew and honoured him may be forgiven for expressing a regret that that beautiful combination of benignity with decision is not more happily and faithfully expressed in the portrait by Sir Martin Shee.

He was succeeded by Dr. John Bird Sumner (1848 to 1862), who had for many years been Bishop of Chester; he, too, had in early life been credited with a refined scholarship, and had given promise of considerable theological depth and power; his administration of the See of Chester was marked with more than ordinary zeal and devotion; he was more conspicuous as a preacher than a divine: but a tendency to identify himself with one "school," rather than to be the "moderator" of the Church, as his predecessor had been, in days when the two schools of thought were causing unhappy divisions in the Church, led many, to whose views he op-

posed himself, to lose sight of his real worth and earnest piety, and thus perhaps to rob him of much of that respect to which his office and his holiness of character really entitled him. There are two portraits of Archbishop Sumner in the Palace; the one which closes the series in the Guard-room is by Eddis: the other, hanging in the adjoining corridor, is a copy of one by Mrs. Carpenter.

On his death, Dr. Charles Thomas Longley, who had been the first Bishop of the new See of Ripon, was selected for the Primacy. During his short Episcopate (1862 to 1868) he evinced a power for administration, combined with a benignity of disposition in no way inferior to his two immediate predecessors, which won for him the love and honour of every school and every grade in the English Church. The one event for which his occupancy of the See will be best remembered was the gathering of the first Pan-Anglican Conference of bishops, an act which, while it marks an epoch in the history of the English Church, is a striking memorial of the profound judgment and true catholicity of mind for which Archbishop Longley was conspicuous through life. His portrait, a replica by Richmond, strikingly indicative of his real character, hangs at present in the large drawing-room, there being no more available space in the Guard-rooms.

Here also hangs that of the present Primate, Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, by Sant; of which we cannot refrain from saying that we wish it did more justice both to the subject and to the artist. Archbishop Tait's career has indeed been eventful; but it would ill become us to express any opinion on it other than a conviction that the verdict of the future will assign to him a high place among the occupants of the See, and accord him with no ordinary zeal, earnestness, and judgment, in the administration of the Church, during one of its gravest crises; while his heavy domestic afflictions have called

forth the nation's sympathy towards one "sorrowful yet alway rejoicing." Following in the steps of his respected predecessor, he convened the second Pan-Anglican Conference in 1878, at which were gathered together upwards of a hundred Bishops in communion with the Anglican Church, comprising those of the United States as well as of our distant Colonies in every quarter of the globe; nearly all of whom could trace their Apostolic functions to Consecrations held in the adjoining Chapel of the Palace.

Time and space forbid our entering upon any account of the many valuable portraits of divines and others which hang in the long picture gallery, or private apartments. But we cannot close our remarks without expressing an earnest wish—may we add, a hope!—that some arrangement may be made by which several pictures, which have

no longer any direct or historical connection with the See, beyond being likenesses of relatives of former Primates—as, for instance, four large ones of the Townsend family connected with Archbishop Manners-Sutton, and some of the Eden family with whom Archbishop Moore was connected by marriage—could be relegated to the mansions of their respective families, and the space they occupy be more appropriately utilised for various Episcopal and other portraits, which are now of necessity placed in dark corners and bad lights, or distributed over the private apartments. The more advantageous exhibition of these, recalling as they do events in the Church's history in which the subjects took conspicuous part, would add not a little to the interest which naturally attaches to the official residence of the Primates of All England.

J. CAVE-BROWNE.

A NEW VOCATION FOR WOMEN.

THAT increased attention is yearly paid amongst us to horticulture may be gathered, if from nothing else, from the number of books and periodicals exclusively devoted to the subject which continually issue from the press, as well as from the large sums expended in the maintenance of public and private gardens.

Nevertheless, viewed as a national industry, gardening cannot be said by any means to occupy in these kingdoms the position which it deserves to hold. In fact in that, as in many other branches of commerce, we are allowing ourselves to be beaten both by our continental neighbours and by our transatlantic cousins, and permitting our markets to be flooded at all seasons of the year with imported fruits and vegetables; nor can we fairly plead the deficiencies of our climate as an excuse for this state of things, since many branches of fruit and floriculture are more successful with us than they are under more genial atmospheric conditions.

The fact then must rather be attributed to two causes: our want of thrift, and our non-comprehension of the benefits to be obtained from the adoption of horticulture as a special subject of national instruction.

If Mr. Burbidge's statement be true, that we are paying 6,000,000*l.* annually for imported fruit alone, and that foreign growers find our prices so satisfactory that they are largely extending the area devoted to fruit culture; and if it be also true, as is contended by many experienced persons, that as much profit is obtainable from two acres under garden culture as from five times the space farmed in the ordinary way, it certainly behoves us, more especially as

the production of meat and cereals is every year becoming less remunerative, to bring intelligent attention to bear upon what is not only distinctly a lucrative industry, but one which affords the means of giving employment directly and indirectly to a large proportion of our population.

There is moreover one particular section of the people to which gardening as an industry ought to prove extremely beneficial, though it has never yet recognised the fact that horticulture as a profession could be suitable to it. We allude to women, and we fail to see why, as was lately suggested by a contemporary devoted more particularly to social subjects, women of all classes should not adopt this vocation with decided success, facilities being afforded to them for receiving instruction.

It is now admitted on all hands, not only that work is no degradation to gentlewomen, but that as it is manifestly needful for a large number of them to earn their own bread, it is desirable to find for them as many suitable openings as possible. A good deal in this way has actually been done, but the movement tends too much in one direction. Every girl does not possess artistic or literary proclivities or a taste for deep study, and to some active spirits confinement and sedentary occupation are almost unendurable. We want, then, some callings for young women of this latter description, and several might be found in connection with the higher branches of horticulture. Indeed, if we except the roughest kinds of labour, there is scarcely a department of gardening which women could not carry out successfully, while for many operations

their quick intuition, their patience, and their skilful fingers are pre-eminently suited.

Hybridising, grafting, budding, dis-budding, who could accomplish them better? The growth and tendance of seeds and cuttings, the management of plant-houses of every kind, the training of espalier and cordon fruit-trees, all these are works suitable to women, and since many ladies undertake them for their own amusement, there does not seem to be any reason why others should not do so for profit.

At present, however, there is no opportunity for women to learn gardening, and the art is supposed, when they practise it, to come to them by nature, just as nursing and cooking were also supposed not long ago to be inherited by female birthright. Whatever information the lady gardener requires she must therefore pick up in a promiscuous manner, by reading, by asking questions, and by sad and bitter experience, the only wonder being that the results should be as creditable as they often are, for unquestionably the most tasteful and not the worst managed gardens are very often those of which the mistress takes at least the superintendence.

This superintendence might, however, be very much more effective had the lady gone through a course of training in horticultural principles and garden economics, and in how many families is there not a daughter who could devote her time and energies to this department of home management, and perhaps also to the instruction of her village neighbours, even if she has no need to use her knowledge in the way of personal profit?

To begin with the ornamental portion of the home garden, is there not much room in it for improvement? Under our present system every effort is directed to what is termed the bedding season. For a few short months the parterre may be said to be gay—at least it is filled with flaunting masses of red, yellow, pink, white, and blue, mixed with about as much taste as is

displayed in the gaudy carpets we strive to emulate; but when frost arrives, and the "bedders" succumb to its ravages, there is usually nothing to fill their places, and we are reduced to contemplate the bare earth until the advent of another summer, when the same unnatural style of floral decoration is again repeated in whatever may chance to be the fancy of the hour.

Where are all the beautiful herbaceous perennial plants, and the glowing annuals and biennials which used to succeed one another so unfailingly, and mingle so harmoniously in the old-fashioned English garden? Truly it is not only "the flowers of the forest" which are "all weeded away," but almost all our ancient favourites, are banished, forsooth, as "common flowers," which are quite out of date. Surely Fashion is nowhere so detestable as when she meddles with the department of Flora. What is she, after all, this goddess, but the mere tool of the merchant, selling his wares for him, be they ribbons, *bric-à-brac*, or flowers? lording it over those who do not dare to call their souls their own, and laughing at them in her sleeve for being so easily duped by a thing so impalpable! If people would think for themselves, and have tastes of their own, everything that is beautiful would find its place in the pleasure garden, and we should no longer hear that a poor flower was unfashionable, "common," or in other words vulgar. Ladies, if they would, might do an incalculable amount of good by taking gardening matters into their own hands, but in order to do so efficiently they must thoroughly understand the art. Of this more anon. In continuing our strictures upon British horticulture, let us take a look at our orchards! Is it not piteous to see in some of our midland counties the huge old trees, picturesque, certainly, at all times, and gloriously beautiful when laden with their pearly white or blushing pink blossoms, dying away for want of proper manuring and

pruning, and producing in the best seasons only small and inferior fruit? It is true that the pear-tree will live four hundred years, and the apple perhaps nearly as long, and that may be a reason for keeping here and there a venerable patriarch; but as the best fruit certainly grows upon young trees, it would be decidedly expedient to renew our orchards gradually and periodically, so as to keep the main area of them always at its best. The combination too of standard trees and bush fruits is one which ought to be encouraged, wherever the worth of fruit is relatively greater than that of grass, a fact, however, which would require to be determined in each particular locality. But at any rate a special system of manuring should be adopted, like that which Mr. Pell, "the Apple Prince" of the Hudson, is said to find so successful. *The Dietetic Reformer* of February, 1877, gave a very interesting account of this "lineal descendant of an English peer," with his 200 acres of Newtown Pippins alone (to say nothing of other varieties), his eighty acres of grapes, his extensive nurseries for renewing his orchards, and the peculiar system of management by which he contrives to ensure a good crop every year, and the account is well worthy the attention of British growers. Oyster shells, wood ashes, and salt are the food upon which his trees thrive so luxuriantly; and the pippins from the Pelham Farm travel all over Europe. But be it remarked the whole affair were originally English, and here are we importing enormous quantities of the very fruit which is best suited to our own soil and climate when we might enrich ourselves by growing it, just as we also import enormous quantities of nuts, which we could grow to perfection on our railway embankments and waste ground.

Leaving the orchards—which however we would have extensively multiplied—and coming to the cottage-garden, we find the plot which should count for so much in the

economics of a lowly family, probably a bit of badly-tilled, sour, scantily-manured ground, containing perhaps a large apple or pear-tree which more than half-overshadows it, a few straggling gooseberries and currants, and a bed of leeks and cabbages. Very little is thought of it, no care is taken of it; and if you ask the owner or his wife why they do not improve their garden, they tell you, "'Tis good enough for the likes of we," and that is all you can get out of them, although very likely at the same time the cottage window will be filled with flourishing plants, proving by their fine bloom that ample care has been taken of them. The British rustic is, as every one knows, indolent and hard to move, wedded to old customs, unthrifty, and utterly impervious to any argument save the potent one of pounds, shillings and pence. Prove to him that the better cultivation of his garden will result in profit, and he will turn his attention to the task; but the only way to reach him is by example, for notwithstanding the improvement in our poor schools, reading is still to him a labour, and his books are few. Let him see that inexpensive bush apple and pear-trees, which may alternate with vegetables, and will not overshadow his garden, will give him a capital crop; let him find out that their produce will have a money value, and that there is no mystery in the matter, beyond the industry and attention needful to grow certain things in his small way just as well as the squire can do it with his two or three gardeners—and the aspect of matters will soon be changed; for our friend the cottager has a capital eye for the main chance, and no one knows better than he the worth of a shilling. The rivalry too which would soon spring up between neighbours would still farther advance the matter.

There is an argument in favour of a vigorous reform in our gardening which should come home to every one, and that is the enormous price we have to pay for dessert fruit and table decora-

tion, twenty pounds for this one item of a dinner-party being not at all a remarkable expenditure for fruit, the greater part of which is imported. It may be urged that the sunny skies of France and the Channel Islands produce better pears, peaches, and nectarines than our own more cloudy ones. But to this we reply that large orchard houses, and other kinds of shelter, which may be very cheaply constructed, would enable us to vie with our neighbours, if not to surpass them; the one thing needed in the case of the hardier fruits, being protection from early frosts, while for the more tender ones, artificial heat can be provided, and it is needless to remind the reader that our hot-house grapes are of far better flavour than those grown in vineyards in warmer countries, or that English strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants are much superior to any others.

It is of course impossible to afford protection to orchards; they must run their chance, the profits of a good year making up for the deficiencies of a bad one. But if we grew our dessert apples and pears on bushes and pyramids, the slightest protection, mere rude awnings of tiffany, would be enough to ward off all danger, to say nothing of the power we possess, by lifting and root-pruning, of rendering small trees increasingly prolific. Again by judicious plant education, and careful selection of stocks, scions, and seedlings, we have it in our power to accelerate or retard their bearing; and may thus produce varieties of orchard trees which would not bloom until all danger from frost was over, in that way securing more abundant and regular fruit harvests. In fact there are a thousand ways in which our fruit production might be improved and extended, and there is profitable employment in the doing of it for thousands of hands, a consideration surely of immense importance when viewed in regard to the distress amongst our agricultural population and the numbers of operatives in need of work.

One great bar to the increase of fruit-culture amongst us at present, besides the lack of capital, is the want of technical knowledge in those who would perhaps desire to carry on that branch of industry, and this technical knowledge is a vital necessity. Unless, therefore, some means be found of providing it, gardening will never advance beyond its present status. In France and Switzerland gardening is a regular part of elementary education, in fact in the former country it has been made a *sine quâ non* that the schoolmaster shall be able to give practical instruction in the art. Why should we remain behind other countries in this respect?

In the neighbourhood of our village schools it would rarely be difficult to obtain a piece of garden ground; and even in our large towns one or two schools at least are usually so situated as to render the addition of a garden by no means impracticable; while in most workhouses the same possibility exists. The employment of the children in the open air would benefit them immensely in point of health, and at the same time prove remunerative if the work were carried out in an efficient manner, nor does there seem to be any reason why the girls should not take part in the occupation.

Margaret Howitt, in her *Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer in Sweden*, tells us that "some of the hardy Dalecarlian peasant women engage themselves as gardeners at gentlemen's houses, undertaking the entire charge of digging, planting, rolling, &c., and when they have in this way, by care and industry, saved a little sum of money, they return to the Dales, and not unfrequently again make their appearance in their old scenes with a husband." The example of these enterprising northern damsels would not be a bad one for many of our country lasses, who might undoubtedly make a good thing of it, particularly if they were enabled by means of previous training to do their work intelligently, for we often see women of the

lower class endowed with a natural taste for gardening, and particularly with a love of flowers.

The article in *Social Notes*, to which we have before alluded, proposes the establishment of a horticultural college for women, in which the students should be of several classes, on a quasi-commercial basis, the college to become self-supporting, partly by means of the fees paid by students, and partly by the sale of the fruit, vegetables, flowers, and decorative plants which would be grown at the institution. In such a college the pupils would be required to pass examinations in the various branches with a view to gaining certificates and diplomas, and theoretical and practical teaching would go hand in hand. The suggestion is a bold one, but not perhaps impracticable. We, however, require to be educated up to the idea.

If women would turn their attention to the subject, and recognise the field that lies before them, they might do much in the matter themselves. Once qualified for it we can quite imagine a lady professor of horticulture succeeding admirably. In the department of landscape-gardening, for instance, she might become another "Capability Brown," laying out grounds and superintending their plantation, planning horticultural structures, &c.; or, as a specialist, she might attain to eminence in some of the many distinct lines of flower and fruit production. In the colonies there must be a multitude of openings in these directions, large landed proprietors in Australia and elsewhere indulging in ornamental gardening and fruit culture to an extent of which we in England have but little idea.

But without leaving her own country the lady gardener may find ample employment for her energies. In his little volume on horticulture in the "British Industries" series, Mr. Burbridge gives us a most interesting account of the immense suburban "plant factories" which furnish the

markets at every season of the year with the loveliest growing plants and cut flowers. Such establishments are usually devoted to the production of at most two or three different kinds, the system of culture being reduced to a regular routine, and the practice so successful that even large nurserymen are said to find it more advantageous to purchase plants from these specialists than to grow them for themselves. Mr. Beckwith, for example, sends to market yearly from 80,000 to 90,000 pelargoniums, and zonals in proportion, and forces between 60,000 and 70,000 hyacinths. Another grower, Mr. Reeves, imports as many as 160,000 tulip-bulbs every year, while whole houses are separately devoted to double-white primulas, poinsettias, begonias, fuchsias, and cinerarias. Mignonette, heliotropes, hydrangeas, asters, and white arum lilies are the specialties of other growers, while others again devote themselves to producing cut flowers. Then there are the rare tropical orchids, palms, ferns, and fine-foliaged plants, exceptional specimens of which frequently realise, even at public auctions, almost fabulous prices. Not to mention the *Phalenopsis grandiflora*, sold to the Duke of Devonshire for a hundred guineas, and the *Dendrobium*, which gained a like sum from Lord Londesborough, large numbers of orchids have been purchased at public sales at prices varying from 10*l.* to 50*l.*, such purchases being usually made by nurserymen for the purpose of selling them again, while the continuous steady demand for new varieties causes vast sums to be spent in paying collectors to procure them from the ends of the earth.

These facts sufficiently prove that the production of beautiful plants is a lucrative industry, and one in which there is room for competition. Indeed at the present moment it probably pays better than the growth of fruit and vegetables, although the latter branch of gardening, ministering as it does to a necessity, is more to be depended upon in the long run, and in itself

capable of considerable development, since the taste for fruit seems to be rapidly extending even amongst the lower classes, and the demand for it to be increasing materially almost with every year.

The growth of flowers for perfume, and the production of seeds, are also profitable branches of commercial gardening, and branches in which far less capital is required than is needed for decorative plant-culture. In this country, however, only a few kinds of flowers can be successfully grown for distillation, but the seed question is one of great importance on account of the extensive adulteration which still prevails—the high prices paid for seeds, especially those of new varieties, holding out a strong temptation to the dishonest trader.

We see, then, that there is abundant

room for more horticulturists, and we hope that we have not altogether failed in carrying the reader with us in our conviction. Let it be once widely felt that the "gardening question" is a national one, and its adoption into the State system of education is sure to follow. Systematic instruction might then be provided without difficulty by employing some of the existing machinery; and perhaps even the "National Garden," recommended by Mr. Burbidge, might become a fact. If it does, we would suggest that there should be attached to it an efficient school of horticulture open to persons of both sexes, where serious studies of a theoretical kind might be carried on in conjunction with thorough practical training in every department.

J. CHESNEY.

NOTICE.—"HAWORTH'S."

Owing to an accident in transmission, the next Instalment of "Haworth's" is unavoidably postponed to the September number.

VENETIAN SONNETS.

VENICE.

CITY of palaces, Venice, once enthroned
 Secure, a queen mid fence of flashing waters,
 Whom East and West with rival homage owned
 A wealthy mother with fair trooping daughters,
 What art thou now? Thy walls are grey and old,
 In thy lone halls the spider weaves his woof,
 A leprous crust creeps o'er thy house of gold,¹
 And the cold rain drips through thy pictured roof.
 The frequent ringing of thy churchly bells
 Proclaims a faith but half-believed by few;
 Thy palaces are trimmed into hotels,
 And travelling strangers, a vague-wondering crew,
 Noting thy stones, with guide-book in their hand,
 Leave half the wealth that lingers in the land.

LORD BYRON AND THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.²

AND lived he here? And could this sweet green isle
 Volcanic stuff to his hot heart afford,
 That he might nurse his wrath, and vent his bile
 On gods and men, this proud, mistempered lord?
 Alas! poor lord, to this soft leafy nest,
 Where only pure and heavenly thoughts should dwell,
 He brought, and bore and cherished in his breast,
 A home-bred devil, and a native hell.
 Unhappy lord! If this be genius, then
 Grant me, O God, a Muse with sober sweep,
 That I may eat and drink with common men,
 Joy with their joys, and with their weeping weep:
 Better to chirp mild loves in lowly bower,
 Than soar through stormy skies with hatred for my dower.

¹ The *Casa d'Oro*, a well-known palace on the right side of the Grand Canal, as you sail up.

² Among the scores of little green islands that dot the Venetian lagoons, one stands prominent before the view of the stranger who has free prospect from any of the hotels that line the long range of the *Riva degli Schiavoni*. On this a pious Armenian, some time in the last century founded a monastery and educational college for natives of his own

country who might either be resident in Venice for purposes of trade, or might look to this central spot as a house of refuge for learning and piety amid the turmoil of the great world. Poets require solitude: and Lord Byron's domicile here, when composing *Childe Harold*, has made it a familiar gondola trip for all English strangers in the sea-built city. His lordship's portrait and that of Napoleon III. look down from the walls, most incongruous patron-saints of so peaceful a retreat.

SILVIO PELLICO AND THE PIOMBI.

O God! how oft from those hot leads arose
 The dolorous cry, How long, O Lord, how long
 Shall patient right endure triumphant wrong,
 And jealous bars in pestilent coop inclose
 Earth's elect sons, who would not quench the light
 Of Thy law in their soul, and warmly cherished
 Each kindest human love, and sooner perished,
 Than strangle Truth to serve usurping Might!
 Thy ways, O Lord, are dark, but not to me
 Hopeless for this, or bound with dark despair;
 All hangs together, and each part must bear
 The burden with the bounty sent from Thee,
 As faithful Pellico through that steaming den
 Beheld Thy face, and preached Thy grace to men.

J. S. BLACKIE.

¹ The *Piombi* are chambers covered with lead, in the topmost tier of the State prison behind the Ducal Palace in Venice, where Silvio Pellico was confined for some time before his final exportation to the Spielberg in Mora-

via. The account of his sufferings in that sweltering den during the summer months is the most pathetic thing that I know in human story. Nowhere else was Christian faith more severely tried or more signally triumphant.

ANTOINE WIERTZ.

THIS painter, so well-known in Belgium, has a comparatively narrow reputation in our country. Those who have visited Brussels are aware of the rank assigned him by his own people; but to the bulk of the British public he is little more than a name, if even that. This may be in some measure due to the fact, that, as a whole, the paintings of Wiertz are characterized to a painful degree by the same fantastic morbidness that marks the writings of Edgar Allan Poe,—a morbidness hardly falling in with the healthy tastes of Englishmen. And it must also be noted that the painter throughout his life took especial pains to prevent the dispersion of his pictures, so that at the present moment the little gallery at Brussels, known as the *Musée Wiertz*, contains nearly all the productions of his brush.

Antoine Wiertz was born at Dinant on the Meuse, on the 22nd February, 1806. His father, a native of Rocroy, had served in the French Republican army, but obtaining his discharge in 1803, had reverted to his trade,—that of tailor—and ultimately obtained a post in the Dutch police. It was from his father that Wiertz was believed to have inherited his love of freedom, and his fierce, independent spirit, which carried self-reliance to the verge of cynicism. As a child, he is related to have said to his mother, "I would be a King for this—that I might do as I like, and turn out a great Painter." And this depreciation of kings for their attributes of political power, was shown later in life, when he refused a medal awarded as a royal prize for one of his pictures. "The King," he said, "is not Michel Angelo." When still quite young, he exhibited much of that universality of genius which marked the period of

the Renaissance. He had aspirations, and in a sense faculties, for poetry and music, as well as for painting; he was exuberant in creative activity, as Leonardo da Vinci and other ancient Italians were in various directions of art. Fortunately, physical power was not equal to such pressing calls, and, warned in time, Wiertz settled down to the branch in which probably his only real strength lay, and painting became the object of his life. At ten years old, he began to draw portraits, without previous training of any sort, and in wood carving, he achieved a horse and a Madonna,—life being absent from the one, and devotion from the other, as might naturally be supposed. His first grand commission, however, was from the innkeeper of the village, who not only requested him to paint a signboard, but supplied him with oil-colours for the purpose. The boy threw himself into the work with the real ardour of genius, and was only grieved to think that the *Black Horse* scarcely admitted of those lights and shades he was so anxious to attempt to produce. More scope for fancy was afforded by a second signboard—entitled *Le Commis Voyageur*, where in addition to a horse, the introduction of a human figure became allowable. These two signs were of course sufficient for village fame, and the gossips predicted that the little Antoine was destined for great things.

At fourteen, though still without training, he had made considerable progress in his art. His mind had enlarged, and his aspirations expanded: little of the boy was left even in his person, for his figure was tall and supple, and muscular beyond his years; his features straight and clearly cut, hair and eyes of the jay's wing, and a carriage with the dignity of manhood.

His great distress was that he had seen no masterpieces: the Stations of the Cross or the rude altar-piece in the village church only serving to convince him how different such art must be. The great genius of the Low Countries seemed to claim him as follower and disciple, and in his feverish fancy, he imagined Rubens to visit him in dreams, and to whisper in his breathless hearing, "Follow me, Antoine, follow me. Quick! to Antwerp where I live in my imperishable canvases." Of course this journey to Antwerp became an absorbing desire, and at last thither he repaired, with what feelings those only who have experienced the fulfilment of a great and cherished wish can imagine. An anecdote is told of him shortly after his arrival in the city, which discloses how completely the order of the social world was in his mind regulated by artistic merit, and recalls a well-known incident in the life of Beethoven. When standing one day in the Museum, absorbed in contemplation before a picture by the great Master, the Prince of Orange, in all the prestige of his Waterloo fame, passed along the gallery,—and a friend touched Wiertz on the arm: "The prince! Antoine," he said, "take off your hat." "*Mais non*," replied the artist, recalled to the outer world, and, pointing to the masterpiece above him "*Je ne l'ai pas été pour celui-là.*"

And now began one of those striking struggles of the kind maintained with such perseverance by our own Haydon, which, while they excite a sense of the nobility and self-reliance of the men who can go through them, still leave a dreadful sadness in the thought that such things must be. Poor Wiertz had genius, enthusiasm, courage, industry; but he had no money beyond what would supply the barest necessities of life. And so in a miserable garret, twelve feet by six, lighted by a window in the roof, and furnished (if the word is not inappropriate) with a narrow bed and a couple of chairs,—he fought his weary way to reputation. So cold was his lodging

in winter, that when he awoke, his hair was sometimes stiff with frost. But still he worked on with the greatest assiduity. By day he painted, and at night he studied anatomy in his bed, for he could not afford a fire. He has fallen to sleep with the human skeleton by his side, when exhaustion would no longer permit research; and his eyes on awakening have rested on the dread object, which almost made him believe he had faded from unconsciousness into the region of death, where the unfleshed frameworks of bones might pass for natural inhabitants.

His poverty-stricken appearance, contrasting so sadly with his youth, made him a familiar figure in the neighbourhood where he resided, but a derisive smile or a shrug of the shoulders constituted most of the sympathy he excited.

He was willing to paint portraits for money, but steadily refused to part with what he considered his "works," and to a visitant who made his way to the garret, and desired to purchase a picture,—he replied with sternness, "Keep your money; gold gives the death-blow to art." No Rosetti or Burne Jones of our day could have wished for a sentiment more exalted. However, with his portraits, Antoine managed to sustain the struggle, and to procure some valuable lessons from Herreyns and Van Bree. In 1821, his case being brought to the notice of government, he obtained a small annuity, commencing at 120 florins, and afterwards increased to 200 florins. Satisfied with this slender sum, he was able to adapt his wants to his resources, and at twenty years of age, to lay down this grand but melancholy maxim—"At an epoch when technical skill is preferred to conception, the young artist must be careful to imitate the great Poussin, by painting for posterity; avoiding vulgar taste, and being content to remain poor so that he may become one of the Masters." In 1832, Wiertz gained the *Prix de Rome*, and thus obtained the means of carrying

out a long-desired project of visiting Italy. He was going to the land of Virgil and Horace, Dante and Tasso, but they were not in his thoughts,—the *Iliad* was his companion. Even in crossing the Alps, he had already conceived the design of choosing a subject from the *Iliad*. "I keep Homer under my pillow," he wrote, "and it is astonishing how its perusal affects me. When I read of the combats of Ajax or Hector, I am possessed with a fury. I feel a burning desire to produce such a representation as should surpass the old masters." His enthusiasm took shape. A picture was commenced in 1835, the canvas—here again with a curious parallel to Haydon,—being no less than thirty feet in length by twenty in height. The subject was the Combat over the dead body of Patroclus. In less than six months (far too short a time), the painting was completed, and was first exhibited at Rome, where it was enthusiastically admired. The great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, on seeing it, exclaimed, "This young man is a giant." In the summer of the same year, Wiertz returned to Belgium, preceded by his picture, where it was received quite as favourably as in Rome. The press was loud in its praise, and the Academy at Antwerp gave a banquet in honour of the artist. But gratifying as the commendation of his countrymen was, he yearned for the applause of a larger community, and arranged to have the Combat sent to Paris. A series of mishaps on the way, caused the piece to arrive too late for the Salon of that year; and though it appeared in the ensuing season, it was "skied" in such a manner as to pass almost unnoticed by the critics. Wiertz felt the disappointment keenly: hopes that had long sustained him in poverty and privation were rudely dashed. But with real genius rebuffs only lead to increased exertions. He removed to Liège with his aged mother, and there in retirement painted portraits for support, and patiently worked away on huge canvases at subjects dis-

closing the exercise of a most powerful imagination. Writing to a friend at this period, he says—"To paint pictures for glory, and portraits to keep the pot boiling,—such are the fixed occupations of my life." On his mother's death in 1848, Wiertz left Liège for Brussels, and looked round in the latter city for a studio large enough for the scale of canvas which alone satisfied his aspirations.

An old disused workshop was at last discovered suited to his purpose, and in this he at once commenced the work which gave him the rank he holds amongst Belgian artists. It was entitled *Le Triomphe du Christ*; and in this picture, more perhaps than any other of his works, the two distinctive characters of his genius displayed themselves—originality of conception and ability of execution! The face of the dead Saviour on the cross is seen through a veil of dark and misty clouds, whilst the angels of light to whom the completion of the mystery has been a signal of victory, are represented as driving the spirits of darkness, whose reign is over, into the abyss beneath. Lucifer is prominent amidst the demons; and the figure of the archangel pursuing him has been much admired as a type of irresistible force and life-like movement. The contrast between the passion and struggle below, and the calmness and peace of the Saviour's expression, is depicted with singular power.

About the year 1850, Wiertz found a friend in M. Rogier, minister of the Interior, a lover and patron of the arts. Through his influence, a studio was constructed by the Government for the use of the artist during his lifetime. The conditions required that the seven large pictures which Wiertz had up to that time executed, were to remain in this building, and, together with such others as he might afterwards paint, were to form a national museum.

This studio, now called the *Musée Wiertz*, was a roomy building of the simplest construction. Brick in

material, it is nevertheless picturesque in appearance, having the form of an artificial ruin, covered with ivy, and in one part traversed by a magnificent vine.

Some of the pictures in this gallery are painted on the wall; others again, though on canvas, are executed by some of the methods of fresco applied to oils,—a process discovered by the artist, and embodied by him in a memoir which he bequeathed to the National Library.

And now the painter had obtained his wish—free scope for the exercise of his imagination. Unfortunately for posterity, it was an undisciplined imagination, delighting in morbid representations, in the pain and horror of which may doubtless be traced some of the effects of early privations on a highly organised brain.

One of his most dramatic and best known works is *L'Enfant brûlé*, which portrays a poor woman who, having gone out to buy provisions, finds on her return the cradle on fire, and the poor baby dead. She is seen just having snatched the little body from the flames, and examining with stupor its dreadful injuries. But what a subject! Another piece startles the beholder by the strange contrivance imagined by the artist. It is called *L'Inhumation précipitée*, and depicts a man who, during a visitation of cholera, has been buried alive. The horror-struck face, the attenuated hands, are seen protruding from an aperture forced in the miserable parish coffin, and around are all the sombre paraphernalia of the charnel-house. The incident is founded on fact: the man to whom it occurred is still living in Brussels, and goes by the nickname of Trompe-la-Mort.

The picture entitled *Faim, Folie, Crime* is too revolting for minute description. A mother driven to insanity by hunger has destroyed her child with a view to actual cannibalism. The artist has shrunk from no circumstances of terror,—the misapplied power is stupendous.

Again, under the title of *Le Suicide*, is represented a young man who has destroyed himself. The body is tottering to its fall. On either side, his good angel and his bad. The former veils his face in sorrow and compassion. A laugh of fiendish glee lights up the face of the latter, who holds a second pistol, should the first have failed. On a table close by a materialistic volume is lying, on which the unhappy youth has written his last words—expressive of the conclusion that neither God nor the soul have any existence.

Strongly opposed to capital punishment, Wiertz devoted a triptych, or three-panelled piece, to increasing the horror of the sentence, by representing that sensation did not cease with apparent death. It is named *Pensées et Visions d'une Tête coupée*, and the details must be left untold, though here again is written on the canvas, in unmistakable characters, that word which is the hall-mark of genius—*power*.

The rapidity with which Wiertz painted, and the tendency he always exhibited to the colossal, soon filled his studio, but the artist remained unexhausted. He proposed adding two wings: and designated the existing building as a mere "preface" to his work. "What would you say," he writes to a friend, "to a gallery three times the size of my present one, and where the least important work should outstrip everything I have done yet?"

But these plans were not to be realised. Disease was advancing on a frame originally delicate. Wiertz had long been a martyr to neuralgia, for which gymnastics and out-of-door exercise had been recommended, and to which they had undoubtedly given relief. But he was loath to give up the time to such remedies. He had that feeling so strong upon him, which all who entertain vast and unrealised schemes experience, that "the night cometh when no man can work." He wrote to a friend, "The days now lost will return no more."

A carbuncle which at first had not appeared dangerous, suddenly assumed an alarming character, and after a very few days' illness, Antoine Wiertz expired, on the 18th of June, 1865, at the age of fifty-nine. By his express desire, he was buried in the grounds of the studio he had loved so well in life. It had been known that he wished his works to become national property; indeed, it was on this understanding that the studio had been provided for him; but eager to prevent the possibility of mistake, he drew up with his dying hands a will, naming his friend, Charles Potoin, sole legatee. This gentleman knowing the painter's intentions, hastened to make over the works to the Government, and now one of the public sights in Brussels is the *Musée Wiertz*.

The career of this remarkable man supplies a splendid instance of self-devotion. He toiled through a life of hardships for his art and his country. His first thought was to create; his second that his beloved native land should enjoy his creation. Of course, from the point of view of art-criticism, his productions show, like those of our own Fuseli, that the most vivid gifts of imagination can never supply the methods of work which thorough instruction alone affords,—nor is there any intuitive mastery of technical difficulties. It is excessively painful to consider that the privations he

struggled so nobly to overcome, in their very defeat disturbed the balance of a splendid mind. He conquered—but the conquest cost him the health of his reason. Who can doubt that the chilly, fitful slumbers in the wretched garret,—the horrible skeleton that was, so to speak, his bed-fellow in the long night of winter,—hunger, thirst, insufficient clothing, anxieties about the future, all showed themselves afterwards, in the terrible dreams of social life which flowed in colours of fire and blood over his exaggerated canvases? Still, in the sweet peace of the Saviour's face, in a picture otherwise devoted to combat and passion, the fury of demons and the wrath of angelic avengers, we may be permitted to hope that even to this careworn man the gloomy riddle of life did not seem incapable of a happy solution. Belgium remembers this independent son of hers because he loved his art (not wisely, perhaps, but too well), and because, also, he loved his Fatherland. Moreover he certainly had that direct gift of capability which does not indeed ensure perfect achievement, but without which, neither training, practice, direction, nor encouragement can produce anything that will live. The fancy was distorted with the unwholesome visions of Callot, but the lines of thought were on the scale of Michel Angelo.

MARY LAING MEASON.

THE OLDEST ART IN THE WORLD.

It is a subject for constant regret that the Egyptian collections in European museums are wanting in the characteristic most likely to make a museum useful to the student. At Boolak they know whence every piece came. They know where and how it was found. It follows that they can always at least approximate to its chronological position—not perhaps to its actual date, for dates, as we count them, do not apply to the early periods of Egyptian history.

Mariette Bey, the curator of the museum, has gone to work in a very simple and intelligible way as regards this difficulty. He has adopted, merely for experimental purposes, the chronology of the only authority that can in any way be called contemporary, and has provisionally used the narrative of Manetho, which at least gives the student a succession of names and events.

When we visit the Boolak Museum, then, we find an arrangement, so far as anything can be arranged in the wretched building, which enables us to trace the history of Egypt and Egyptian art back step by step from the latest Roman bust to the earliest statue portrait. There is no flaw in the chain, though there are so many blanks in the chronology. It is perfectly continuous and unbroken; and when you apply to it a question which M. Mariette asks with respect to the pyramids, you arrive at a very definite but very startling conclusion. M. Mariette asks where are the signs of the infancy of Egyptian art? The further back we go the more complete it appears. The magnificent diorite statue of Chafra—once considered the oldest portrait in the world—has been superseded from its priority by the wooden figure from Sakkara. The want of conventionality in this amazing portrait places it above the noble but stiff statue of Chafra. But the wooden man has himself been superseded by the oldest monuments yet

discovered, which are still more life-like, still more unconventional, still more truly artistic than anything yet found of a later period.

In short, the further back you go, the better the style. It is evident the style grew up by degrees. It is the result of centuries of study and practise. The two life-like figures found at Meydoom were not modelled in the infancy of art.

Such is the question suggested by a visit to Boolak; and there only can the ancient arts be studied with trustworthy facts before us. It is hopeless just yet to expect any improvement at the British Museum. The theory of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson evidently was, that all the people whom he classed as "ancient Egyptians" lived much about the same time; and his system has been pursued in the mixture of the minor objects, while the larger are only recognised by their inscriptions, nothing being known about the places where the majority were found. Had the statues of Ra-Hotep and Nepert been brought to England in this way, it is more than probable they would have been catalogued as Ptolemaic, possibly as Ethiopian, while it is quite certain that the fresco of the *Pasturing Geese*—a picture contemporary with the statues—would have been considered Greco-Roman.

These marvellous statues are placed apart from the other objects belonging to what M. Mariette calls "*l'Ancien Empire*" in a chamber not so near the damp of the river's bank as that in which the rest of the very early remains are arranged. They are rather less than life size, but otherwise absolutely life-like. After you have gazed into the depth of Nefert's eyes, you feel, in spite of their being made of crystal and marble, that you have personal acquaintance with her. The beautifully-fitting linen dress, the feet guiltless of shoes, the absence of all

ornament except a necklace of emeralds and rubies, the neat "snood" which binds her hair—all, you are convinced, are as much portraits as the face itself. The figure is full of a quality of reality which, seeing it is almost all we have of the earliest art, is better for us than a more idealised style of work. It is impossible even to approximate to the age of this and the companion work. Lepsius gives B.C. 3122 as the probable date of the reign of Seneferoo; but as he makes that monarch the first king of the fourth dynasty, while most of the recent authorities place him toward the end of the third, these statues of the son and daughter-in-law of Seneferoo may be even older. But all chronology is guesswork before the twelfth dynasty—a fact but too often to be acknowledged in the present state of our information.

The companion statue is not so interesting, but even more life-like; and the hieroglyphics on the seat, viewed as the earliest examples of the art of writing yet identified, possess an interest for me, I confess, out of all proportion to their subject.¹

The assemblage of objects of the period of the early monarchy in its own *salle*—that of the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th dynasties—at the Bœlak Museum, is the best that has ever been brought together. M. Mariette has made extensive searches through the grave-mounds of these periods at Gheezah, Sakkara, Maydoom, and Abood. After the statues I have just mentioned, the wooden man and the statues—for there are nine of them, of different degrees of merit, of Chefra—the most interesting of these early monuments are in a room reserved for specimens of the same period. Among them is the heavy granite sarcophagus of Shoofoo-anch (the life of Shoofoo), which stands in the centre of the chamber. Apart from the value of a relic of so ancient a time, this great coffin has a double interest. The personage buried in it

was attached to the court of the monarch, after whom he was called, as superintendent of the royal buildings. He must therefore have had a large share in the erection of the great pyramid itself, if indeed he did not actually design it. The epitaph states that he was a priest of Apis and of Isis. His tomb stood to the south-east of the great pyramid, and the sarcophagus itself offers us the most complete model of what one of these enormous mummy cases was under the early monarchy. The cover, vaulted in the centre, has on it an invocation to Anubis. The four sides are modelled from what was no doubt the form of the ordinary wooden houses of the period. In the centre is the doorway, and over it a round log as if for the suspension of a roller or curtain. All the old tombs have false doors of this kind, evidently imitated from wooden constructions, and two very complete and large examples are in the same room. On the cross-bar the name of the deceased is written generally with nothing but his name and rank. Possibly in these old times the great men of Egypt had their names thus placed over the doors of their houses.

The representations, of which we hear so much, of agricultural and domestic scenes, are well illustrated here in a number of bas-reliefs arranged like pictures round the walls. The sculpture is very good, and by no means betrays that stiffness we are accustomed to connect with Egyptian work. We seldom see such pictures in European museums, and derive our ideas from copies and casts of the comparatively debased art of the time of the 19th and 20th dynasties at Thebes. It will be well to keep these two periods, as remote from our time as they are from each other, carefully separate in our own minds.

Among the other treasures in this room is a small sitting statue of an ancient gentleman whose name was Assa. It is not above three feet high, but delicately cut in limestone and coloured. Beside Assa his wife stands,

¹ I have gone more at length into the meaning of this inscription in an article in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. xxxv. p. 126.

dressed in white, her dress covered with spots, like what ladies now call "Swiss muslin." She places her arm round his neck. Her name is on the pedestal at her feet. She was a member of the royal family, and was called Athor-en-Kaoo. Her little boy stands between his parents, and bears like his mother the title of "royal cousin." His name is Tat-as-as-poo-er. Some Vandal, since this charming domestic group was in the Museum, has broken off the head of the child. A statue nearly equal in delicacy of execution is in the great room, but there the deceased is represented sitting by himself. Several groups of a similar antiquity, but not of such delicate execution, are in the western chamber; and the visitor who desires to cultivate a knowledge of hieroglyphs cannot do better than commence work by spelling out the epitaphs in these the oldest inscriptions.

Among the most beautiful examples are some panels of wood. They are carved in delicate relief, the inscriptions relating to a royal scribe and "trusty cousin and councillor," who lived about the time of Shoofoo. His name, which is very clearly spelled out in a very archaic but beautiful form of hieroglyphic writing, seems to have been Hosy. The panels were inserted in as many of the false portals of which I have already spoken as being in all these early tombs.

The finest stone portal is that of Sokar-ka-baoo. It was evidently erected by his wife, who is represented on the two outer wings or side posts. She has a remarkably ugly face, but is very fair, and on her cheeks are green marks, which some have accounted for on the supposition that they were an early way of denoting grief, and others that the green stain is caused by the oxidisation of a bronze plating over the eyes. Be this as it may, the mark only occurs on monuments of the highest antiquity. The lady's name seems naturally to have been too long for every-day use—Athor-nefer-hotep, and she had for household convenience, a pet name—Tepes.

Behind a sitting statue of Chafra, one of the nine found in the tomb near the Sphinx, is another very old portal of the same character, but smaller. It is also from a tomb at Sakkara. Its interest lies chiefly in the fact that Shery, its occupant, served as priest for the temples attached to the pyramids of two very ancient kings, one of whom may be identified with the Sethenes of Manetho and the Senta of the table of Abood. The name is here spelt Sent. He was a king of the second dynasty. The other king's name is unknown in this form. It appears to read Perhebsen, and may be the second title of a Pharaoh known in history by another name.

I have dwelt at some length on these vestiges of the earliest civilisation, both because of their intrinsic beauty and because they do not occur even as the greatest rarities in our European museums. They belong to a period so remote that it is perfectly futile to guess at the date. In the long perspective of ages such minute marks as years can hardly be perceived. These ancient people tell us little of themselves in their simple writing. Few grammatical forms appear. Vowels are almost wholly omitted. But what is wanting in words is made up for in pictures. Their daily life is brought before us; their families, their homes, their professions, their agriculture, their arts: and we can conjure up, when we know the climate which they enjoyed and the soil they cultivated, a very complete picture of what they were, and how they lived.

The chief thing that strikes us about them, as we read of them in these monuments, is the absence of any worship—almost of any mention—of their gods. They are often attached to the service of a king who is spoken of as a divinity, and in many cases they are employed in perpetuating that service after his death. Occasionally a personal name betrays to us the existence of a god to whom one of them was specially

devoted. Ptah-sokari, Ptah, Athor, Isis, Anubis, Shoo, Ra, Osiris, are among the names that occur, but none of them very often. These gods and goddesses were revered, but which of them was thought the greatest, whether they had any distinct idea of theology, whether they actually worshipped the king, or apis, or the white bull, or the golden hawk, or only looked upon them as sacred representatives of God, we know not. The monuments are nearly or altogether silent. Of Osiris at this time we have but little contemporary evidence that he was looked upon as the judge of the dead. Anubis is addressed by Shoofoo-Anch as the god of the underworld. But many of the monuments of which we have been speaking are much older than his time—how much older we know not—and in them there are no such allusions. Investigators are agreed that pictures or sculptures representing the gods are all but unknown before the time of the 12th dynasty. I say "all but," as there is a conspicuous but more than doubtful case to the contrary in the tablet of the Sphinx. But with regard to their ordinary employments and daily life we have, as I have said, much evidence. They lived in timber houses, the windows of which were small in comparison with the wall space, and the doorways narrow. Provision was made everywhere for awnings and curtains to keep out the midday heat and the midnight cold. Their clothing was but scanty, but they were careful to cover the head, either with a kerchief or a wig. The women were very modestly clad, and wore more than a single garment—the outer one reaching nearly to the feet. The hair was plaited, and probably made up with artificial chignons and cushions, but was tied round the forehead by a simple riband. Tight-lacing had not been invented, nor the use of shoes.

In domestic life our ancient Egyptian was a family man. He loved his wife and his children intensely. The wife was sometimes the superior

of her husband in rank, and retained her title, as in England we still distinguish peers' daughters who marry commoners. She had sometimes private property, and widows were often women of substance, and raised costly monuments to the memory of their lords.

This independence of women is often strongly brought out, and goes to confirm, were other proof wanting, the assertion of Manetho, that under a king of the 2nd dynasty "it was decided that women might hold the imperial government." Yet the wife, even the wife of superior rank, is represented as treating her husband with respect. She usually stands by his side, or clasps his knees, but often too she also is seated, and her arm embraces his neck.

These ancient folk were keen sportsmen. In one picture a widow is represented as enjoying at a little distance the pleasures of the chase. They shot, they hunted, they fished, they went on the Nile in pleasure-boats, they tamed wild animals, and trained falcons.¹

Manetho speaks first of the existence of warfare when he tells us "the Libyans revolted from the Egyptians; but, on account of an unexpected increase of the moon, they surrendered themselves for fear." This was under the first king of the 3rd dynasty; and we have evidence that under the eighth king there was something resembling a standing army. But up to this time had the valley been in peace? Had the civilisation, which is already so great when we first come upon its vestiges, been permitted to grow up amid profound quiet, unbroken by foreign invasions or internecine strife? It is impossible to say that there was never war, but there is much evidence that long periods of complete quietness nourished the social welfare in which the arts were perfected, and the strongest proof exists that one art at least must have been

¹ This is probable, but not altogether certain.

brought to a high degree of perfection without the interference of war.

This is the art of writing. The oldest inscriptions are those of Maydoom. Yet here we find not a complete alphabet, but two or three alphabets, and all the apparatus which in after ages became so like ordinary writing. But the signs used are signs of peace. Hieroglyphics and the cartouches of kings have been compared to heraldry, but there is this very important difference, for the shields, the lions rampant, the swords and spear-heads, the whole armoury of heraldry is warlike and the invention of people engaged in constant warfare. But what are the oldest hieroglyphic signs? The first letters of the first inscription I saw at Maydoom were as follows:—A sickle, a guitar, a plank, a smoothing-stone, a man's mouth, a ball, an onion, a zigzag line, a necklace, a foot, a loop of cord containing a king's name which was spelled with a bent reed, a guitar, a human mouth, and a partridge. Such are the hieroglyphic signs of the times. They show, if we may argue from them at all, that they were invented by an agricultural and peaceful people.

Or we may take the ovals of the early kings in evidence. It is, of course, a question whether the names of Mena and Teta, and the other kings of the first dynasty, were ever actually written in their own day. Still, scarabs occur of such distinctly marked antiquity that it has often been supposed they are the oldest "documents" in Egypt; they are sometimes inscribed with the cartouches of kings of the early dynasties. Among the collection of scarabs at Boolak is one of Seneferoo. I have another, and the doubtful name of a still older king on a cylinder.

But a glance at the oldest cartouches as they were written at a later period serves our purpose almost as well. The name of Mena is spelt with a chess-board (Men), a zig-zag line (N), and a pen or feather (A). That of

his successor Teta consists of two smoothing-stones (T T), and a feather (A). That of Atoth has a feather (A), a stone (T), and a bulbous-plant (T H). Ata is spelt with the feather (A), the stone (T), and a bird (A). The next king has two harrows on his cartouche, which the learned read as Husapti. It is not till we get to the eleventh king in the Table of Abood that anything that can by any means be called warlike occurs. Here we have a ram (Ba), a jar (N), an axe (Neter), and the zigzag N, as before. An axe is not necessarily warlike, but nothing more offensive or defensive is in this list till we come down to the 11th dynasty.

Such were the people of that remote yet not wholly pre-historic time. I have avoided all mention of the question of race. But one thing, from a purely critical point of view, I may be permitted to say. There is a marked difference in the features of the great lord who is the king's friend and cousin, and who sits in the door of his dwelling, represented by the mouth of his tomb, to receive the homage and rents of his serfs, and the features of the common people who attend his *levée* bringing him revenue in kind from his estates. There is a clear difference between the two classes as represented on these monuments; no one can for a moment mistake them. Chafra had a high Roman nose, so had his cousin Chafra-anch, so had Assa, so had a round dozen of the great men of the court of the 4th dynasty. Rahotep had a less prominent nasal organ, and the same may be said of Thy, but both were far from exhibiting the type of the common labourers who surrounded them. It seems to me, merely using my eyesight, that in this old time there was in Kam a dominant but benevolent race of rulers and legislators, and an inferior, down-trodden subject race, light-hearted, perhaps, acquiescing, as some African races do, in their own subjection, but of very distinct blood from their masters.

W. J. LOFTIE.

OF BOUNDARIES IN GENERAL.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE PROFESSOR CLIFFORD.

BEFORE I begin to talk about the sizes and shapes of things, I am going to make a request that may seem somewhat strange. I am going to ask you to forget that you have ever lived until this moment. It is not that I am going to tell you anything new that you did not know before; for I am merely going to remind you of a lot of things that you have known familiarly for years. Only I want you to observe them all quite freshly over again, as if you had not seen them before. I want you not to believe a word I say, unless you can see quite plainly at the moment that it is true; and I shall try only to say such things as you can quite easily verify at once while you sit there. That is what I mean by asking you to forget that you have ever lived until this moment: for geometry, you know, is the gate of science, and the gate is so low and small that one can only enter it as a little child.

Things take up room. Let us examine this fact, rather closely. Here is a piece of wood which takes up room; that is to say, there is some room which is taken up by the wood, and some room which is not. Any *thing*, then, implies two rooms or spaces; one in which it is, and one in which it is not; one which it takes up or fills, and one which it does not fill; an *inside* space and an *outside* space. But it is not every two spaces that are so situated with regard to each other as these spaces are. Here, for instance, is a glass of water. The water also takes up room, and makes a difference between the space where there is water and the space where there is not water. We are now considering those spaces; that in which there is this piece of wood, that in which there is this water, and that in which

there is neither. Now if you try to go from any part of the wood-space to any part of the water-space, you will find that it is impossible to do so without passing through space which is neither wood nor water. But you can go from any part of the space where this piece of wood is to any part of the space where this piece of wood is not without passing through any thing but these two spaces; and that in as many ways as you like. If you are inside the wood, you can get to the outside air without going through any thing but wood and air. This property of the two rooms or regions, the inside and the outside, which are distinguished by everything, is denoted by the word *adjacent*, which means *lying close up to*. To say that two regions or spaces are adjacent is the same thing as to say that you can get from one to the other without going through anything but those two regions; and that in as many ways as you like. The observation, then, that we have made so far is this. Every thing divides all space into two adjacent regions, the inside and the outside. Here I have hardly spoken quite correctly. The thing takes up one of the two regions, and does not take up the other; so it constitutes the difference between them: but that which *divides* the one region from the other is not the thing itself but the surface of the thing. In the case of this water, for example, there is a certain region taken up by the water in the glass, and a certain region taken up by the air above it; and the surface of the water is what divides one of those regions from the other; it is the boundary between them, which marks them off. Now there are four things to be noticed about this surface. They are things quite obvious and easy to be

noticed, things that you have all noticed before; but it is important that we should state them explicitly, and agree that we have observed them. First, it is the surface of both of those regions into which space is divided by it. The upper surface of the water is also the lower surface of the air. If you like to see this in a very striking way, all you have to do is to lift up the glass of water until you can see the image of something reflected in that air-surface. It is a surface of wonderful brilliancy, reflecting in certain cases all the light which falls upon it. Now I can see the image of my finger formed by the surface of the air. This very simple experiment will enable you more easily to realise this fact, that what you call the surface of the water, when you view it from the air-side, is precisely the same surface as that which you call the surface of the air when you view it from the water-side. And the same remark is true of all other cases. Looking at this piece of wood from outside, we should talk about the surface of the wood; that is to say, the surface of the inside space. But if we imagine our point of view transferred to the inside, we should talk about that very same surface as the surface of the air, that is to say, the surface of the outside space. So that until our point of view has been changed, we are apt to have a partial and one-sided notion of a surface.

The second remark that we have to make about a surface is that it takes up absolutely no room at all. This is the same thing as saying (what we said before) that the two regions into which space is divided by the surface are *adjacent*, that where one ends the other begins, namely, at the surface of both of them. Between water and air, for instance, there is absolutely no room at all; there is only the surface common to these two things. So that a surface has not even any right to be called a thing, in the sense in which things take up room. Possibly some one thinks that the surface of this piece

of wood is a thin film of wood which is just outside all over it. Well, then, that is just what it is not. Suppose that I dipped the wood into water, and made it wet, leaving a very thin film of water all over. Would that film be a surface? No, for it would take up room. The film would have two surfaces, one outside, between water and air, and one inside, between water and wood; and there would be room between those two surfaces, namely, the room taken up by the water; which, being a thing, must take up room, however little there is of it. And half way between those two surfaces there might be another, dividing water that was outside it from water that was inside it; and again between that and each of the others there might be two more, and so on, as many times as you like; and still between two of these, however close together, there would be water, a thing taking up room, with one surface on the outside of it and one surface on the inside. Is this sheet of paper a surface? No; it has a surface above and a surface below. And if you were to split—not the sheet of paper, for that would be impossible—but the sheet of space in which the paper is, into a million sheets, and tomorrow one of those again into a million sheets, and the next day one of those into a million sheets, and if you kept up that process for a million years; the inconceivably thin sheet that you would have at the end would still be room, with a surface above and a surface below; it would be no nearer to being itself a surface than when you began. You see it is quite easy to say that a surface takes up no room; but it is not so easy to realise the enormous gulf that is fixed between very little and none at all. And when the books tell you that a surface has length and breadth, but *no thickness*, they mean exactly what we have just been observing.

The two other points that we have to notice are about the motion of a thing. If I move this piece of wood about, I move also the surface of the

wood. We must therefore regard a surface as capable of being moved about. Now there is a property of every motion that takes place, which is also a property of this motion of a surface; a property which is, no doubt, implied in our ordinary use of the word *move*, but which is not always sufficiently prominent in it. This motion is *continuous*. Now the idea expressed by that word *continuous* is one of extreme importance; it is the foundation of all exact science of things; and yet it is so very simple and elementary, that it must have been almost the first clear idea that we got into our heads. It is only this: I cannot move this thing from one position to another, without making it go through an infinite number of intermediate positions. *Infinite*; it is a dreadful word, I know, until you find out that you are familiar with the thing which it expresses. In this place it means that between any two positions there is some intermediate position; between that and either of the others, again, there is some other intermediate; and so on *without any end*. Infinite means without any end. If you went on with that work of counting for ever, you would never get any further than the beginning of it. At last you would only have two positions very close together, but not the same; and the whole process might be gone over again, beginning with those as many times as you liked.

But, you will say, what is the use of telling me that motion is continuous, when I cannot conceive of it as being anything else? Then I will try to tell you what discontinuous motion would be like. If this piece of wood were to be annihilated as soon as it got here, and then to come into being again over there, so as to have got from one position to the other without passing through any intermediate positions, its motion would be discontinuous. It would go by a jump from one place to another; and continuous means *holding together* all through, without any jumps. But

this would not be *moving*, you will say; and besides, the state of things is impossible. Very well; I said (if you recollect) that the idea of continuity was implied in the word *move*, and that it was so exceedingly simple and elementary that it must have been almost the first clear idea that got into our heads. It is no wonder, then, that it should be firmly lodged there now. At another time we may be able to see some of the consequences of this idea. At present we have only to remember our third observation about surfaces; that any surface may be moved continuously from one position to another.

Now a surface, you will remember, is that which separates two different regions of space; the difference between them being that something is in one and is not in the other. But two regions of space may differ in this way: that, five minutes ago, a thing *was* in one of them and was not in the other. These two regions are still adjacent, still separated by a surface. So that although a thing is moved away and its surface is moved away with it, yet it is also true that the surface remains in the same place. It is no longer the surface of the thing, but it is the surface of those two regions which *were* marked out by the thing. The two regions, of course, are always there, and from having been different once they are distinct for ever. Thus when any thing has moved you see that there must be an infinite number of surfaces, each of which has at some instant or other been the surface of the thing. Now here there are two cases to be distinguished. Consider the surface of this water; when I agitate it the water moves about, and the surface continually changes. All this time the water has been changing its shape, and at any one instant it would not fit the surface which it had at any other instant. But if I move this piece of wood, which does not change either in size or shape, the surfaces which it has at different times are such that any one of them would fit the wood at

any time; they are all exactly of the same shape, and all exactly of the same size. This being so, the regions of space which are filled by the wood at two different times are called *congruent* regions. Two regions of space are congruent when a thing which exactly fills one of them can be made to exactly fill the other by moving it, without changing its size or shape. Or we may express the same thing by saying that the surface of the two regions can be put together so as to fit each other all over.

Let us now put together the observations that we have made so far. Only instead of the word *thing*, which I have used hitherto, I want to use the word *body*, which is rather more accurate. A body is any thing that takes up room. This piece of wood is a body; the water in the glass is a body; the air all about is a body. We have observed, then, that every body distinguishes two adjacent regions of space; that the surface of the body divides these two regions from one another; it is surface to both of them equally; it takes up no room; it can be moved continuously with the body, and yet it remains when the body is taken away. We have also given a name to those regions which are of the same shape and size: we have called them congruent regions.

Now if you will look at the surface of this sheet of paper you will observe that a part of it is coloured red. That red patch takes up room on the surface; but this is surface-room that is taken up, a different kind of room from that which is taken up by a solid body. The red colour distinguishes between two regions of the surface, precisely as a body distinguishes between two regions of solid space. And the two surface-regions are adjacent, that is to say, you can get from red to white on the surface without going over any part of the surface except red and white; exactly where the red ends the white begins. That which divides one of these surface-regions from the other is the

boundary-line of both of them. This line is neither white nor red, it takes up no room whatever on the surface. If with a very fine pen I try to draw a line on the surface, what shall I in fact have done? I shall have made a portion of the surface black, and the boundary of the black portion is a line. It is certainly a long narrow portion that I have made black, so that we may say it has a line on one side, and a line on the other side. Between those two lines there is an infinite number of other lines. No matter how microscopically fine was the mark that you made, it would always be a portion of the surface that you had made black, a region taking up surface-room. There would always be a line on one side and a line on the other side, separating black from white, and between these two there would always be an infinite number of lines.

Moreover, if I move about this sheet of paper, then I shall move about all the lines that are on its surface. And yet the lines will remain where they were. For there is a distinction between the space where paper was and the space where paper was not, at any instant; and of the surface that parts those two spaces there is a distinction between that which was surface of red paper and that which was surface of white paper. The boundary between these two surface-regions is a line still existing, because the distinction between those two surface-regions still exists. A line may even move upon a surface while the surface remains still. If, for instance, we cast a shadow on the paper, then the boundary of light and shade is a line; and when we make the shadow move about the line moves about too, though it still remains to mark the distinction between what was shadow and what was not shadow.

Thus, you see, all the remarks that we made about regions of solid room and their boundaries have their counterparts when we come to speak

about regions of surface-room and their boundaries.

But there is one more remark to be made here, which is not similar to any that we have made before. And that is, that a line may be regarded from two entirely distinct points of view. One of these we have already considered. We have already looked upon a line as the boundary between two adjacent regions of surface, and we have noticed the analogy between this idea of a line and the idea which we have previously formed of a surface as the boundary between two adjacent regions of solid space. But now, suppose that I dip a part of this piece of paper into water; and please to imagine that the surface of the water goes on through the paper to the other side, and is not stopped by it. Then there is a line upon the surface of the paper, viz., the line which divides paper-surface which is in water from paper-surface which is out of water; and there is also a line upon the surface of the water, viz., the line which divides the water-surface on one side of the surface of the paper from the water-surface on the other side. And these two lines are exactly the same line; a single line lying both on the paper-surface and also on the water-surface. Moreover, if you were asked, "Where do those two surfaces meet?" you would answer, "They meet in that line which is common to them both." It is just at that line that each surface intersects the other, or cuts between two portions of it which are thereby separated. So that the line is to be considered as existing in space, quite independently of the particular surface which it divides into two portions. It might be possible to agitate the water or move about the piece of paper so as to leave the line quite still, and in that case there would be an infinite number of surfaces all passing through the line. Now when I say that the line exists independently of the particular surface which it divides, I do not mean that you can get at the idea of a line without thinking of a surface

which it divides, but that there is no reason why out of that infinite number of surfaces you should choose any one in particular. You must have a surface, but you are not bound to any one.

A line, then, is not only the boundary between two adjacent regions of a surface, but it is also the intersection of two surfaces.

Let us return to the contemplation of the red patch on the surface of this paper. Especially consider the line which bounds it. I will throw a shadow on part of the line. Now the shadow takes up line-room; there is a part of the line which is in shadow, and a part of the line which is not in shadow. That which divides one of these parts from the other is the *point* which is the boundary of both; which marks where one of them ends and the other begins. The point takes up no room of any kind whatever, not even line-room, the last kind that we have considered. Here, then, we have come to something quite different from the other two boundaries that we talked about. A body takes up more or less space; it is quite intelligible to ask how much space it fills. So a patch may take up more or less surface, and you may say, "How much line does the shadow cover?" But if you said "how much point?" you would be talking nonsense; that is to say, you would be putting words together when the ideas that correspond to them will not go together. The idea of *how much* is utterly foreign to the idea of *point*. Point cannot be measured; there are no parts of it to be distinguished from one another. Here we are at the first word of Euclid—"A point is that which has no parts, or which has no magnitude." Only we are very much richer than any one who begins at that first word, for we are making a statement which we see to be true about something which we know independently of that statement, and which, moreover, we can look at in four different lights. A point, namely, is not only a boundary, and so may have made about it the

remarks that we made about other boundaries, but it is an intersection, and that in three several ways. First, it is the intersection of two lines on a surface; for instance, of this boundary of red crossed by the boundary of shadow. There is a point on the first line, dividing light from shade, and a point on the second line dividing red from white; and these two are the same point, common to the two lines. At this point the two lines meet, and each intersects the other, or cuts between two parts of it which are thereby separated. Next, it is the intersection of a line and a surface, dividing that part of the line which is on one side of the surface from that part of the line which is on the other side; as when I dip a piece of paper which is half red into water, there is a point dividing that part of the red boundary which is in water from that part which is out of it. And lastly, a point is the intersection of three surfaces, a remark which you will find very easy to illustrate.

We have now considered in succession four different ideas: solid space or volume, surface, line, and point; and each of them we have regarded as the boundary between two adjacent regions of the preceding. It remains for us to go straight back again over the same route, to consider point, line, surface, volume in succession, regarding each as the *path* of the preceding. For when a point moves, it moves along some line; and you may say that it traces out or describes the line. To look at something definite, let us take the point where this boundary of red on paper is cut by the surface of water. I move all about together. Now you know that between any two positions of the point there is an infinite number of intermediate positions. Where are they all? Why, clearly, in the line along which the point moved. That line is the place where all such points are to be found. But because this statement, so made, is quite simple and sensible and easy to be understood, we must needs trans-

late it into Latin, and say, "The line is the *locus* of the successive positions of a moving point." *Locus* means merely *place*, both naturally and technically. There is no meaning whatever in the statement "that line is the locus of the successive positions of a moving point" which is not fully and entirely conveyed by this other statement of the same thing; the line is the place where all those successive positions are.

I have laid some stress on this, because it seems to be a fair opportunity for warning you of a very serious danger: the danger of thinking that there is any mystery in a technical term. So long as you use it merely to save time and trouble—as an abbreviation, namely, for other simple words or phrases which everybody can understand—a technical word will be useful and harmless. But directly you begin to think that there is some hidden and mysterious meaning in it, which cannot be expressed in simple ordinary words that everybody could understand, there is no end to the nonsense that it will help you to think and talk. And when I have been using technical words, and am not quite sure whether I have been talking nonsense or no, I have one very safe way of finding out. I translate the whole thing into English, that is to say, into short easy words of Saxon origin. For there is an amazing amount of mystery in Latin and Greek terminations; and so long as any of these are left, I am never quite certain that I know what I mean.

Then you must not imagine that the Latin word *locus*, as used in geometry, means anything more or less than the English word *place*. When a point moves along a line, that line is the locus of the successive positions of the moving point, or the place where they all are.

In an exactly similar way, if a line moves about, it traces out a surface which is called its *path*. Between any two positions of the line there is an infinite number of intermediate posi-

tions; and the surface is the place where all these are, or the locus of the successive positions of the moving line. Lastly, by the motion of a surface a solid space or volume is traced out; and this volume may be called the path of the surface or the locus of its successive positions. Thus we have three kinds of room, solid-room, surface-room, and line-room; and three several boundaries to them, surface, line, and point; four intersections, surface with surface, surface with line, line with line, and three surfaces together; and three paths whereby a boundary, moving, may trace out that of which it is a boundary; namely, a solid is the path of a surface, a surface of a line, and a line of a point.

But we have not quite done with this last idea. We have first to make ourselves secure against a possible mistake about it, and then to observe some very important consequences that flow from it.

It seems a very natural thing to say that space is made up of points. I want you to examine very carefully what this means, and how far it is true. And let us first take the simplest case, and consider whether we may safely say that a line is made up of points. If you think of a very large number—say a million—of points all in a row, the end ones being an inch apart; then this string of points is altogether a different thing from a line an inch long. For if you single out two points which are next one another, then there is no point of the series between them; but if you take two points on a line, however close together they may be, there is an infinite number of points between them. The two things are different in kind, not in degree. The failure to make a line does not mean that you have not taken a large enough number, but that number itself is essentially inadequate to make points into a line. However large a number you imagined, we might divide an inch into that number of parts, and each of these parts would be a little piece of line-room

with a point at each end of it, and an infinite number of points between them. So that if, when you said, "A line can be made up of points," you meant this: "If I count a large enough number, and take that number of points, and lay them in a row, then I shall make a line," it would not be true. It is not at all true that a line can be made up of points in that way. Nor is it any more true in that sense that a surface can be made up of lines, or a solid of surfaces. If you took millions and millions of lines and laid them side by side, you would have something which is not a surface at all, but an entirely different thing, viz., a large number of lines. Between two of those lines there would be nothing belonging to the series of lines; but between two lines on a surface, however close together they are, there is always a little strip of surface-room, in which an infinite number of lines can be drawn on the surface. And so if you took any number of surfaces, it would be utterly impossible to make a solid with them. Two of your surfaces must either be distinct, in which case there would be solid room between them; or they must coincide, in which case they would take up no more room than one surface, that is to say, absolutely none at all. So far, then, it would appear that we must answer *no* to the question, "Is space made up of points?"

In fact, when we said that there is an infinite number of points in a piece of line-room, we might have said a great deal more. Suppose, for instance, that any one said, "How many miles is it possible to go up into space?" the answer would of course be, "An infinite number of miles." (Don't be frightened at this continual occurrence of the word infinite: it still means "without any end," and nothing more.) In this case, if you go a mile and count one, then another and count two, and so on, all we mean is that the process would never end. There would still be space left to go up into, however many millions of miles

you had counted. But still all those miles would be counted and done with. Your task would have been distinctly begun, and there would be nothing more to say to the miles behind you. But try now to count the points in a piece of line. You count one, two, three, four, a million points; and your task is not even begun. The line is all there, exactly as it was before; absolutely none of it is done with. The million points take up no more line-room than one point; that is to say, absolutely none at all. When then we are talking of the points in a piece of line, we must say not merely that there is a never-ending number of them (which there is), but that they are out of the reach of number altogether. All the points in a line are not properly speaking a number of points at all. If we are going to speak about the *number* of points in a line, we must settle beforehand that we are going to use the word in a new sense, which is not derived from counting, but from this very observation to which we have applied it.

Let us now make use of our idea of a path. When a point moves along a line, we know that between any two positions of it there is an infinite number (in this new sense) of intermediate positions. That is because the motion is continuous. Each of those positions is where the point was at some instant or other. Between the two end positions on the line, the point where the motion began and the point where it stopped, there is no point of the line which does not belong to that series. We have thus an infinite series of successive positions of a continuously moving point, and in that series are included all the points of a certain piece of line-room. May we say then that the line is made up of that infinite series of points?

Yes; if we mean no more than that the series makes up the *points* of the line. But *no*, if we mean that the line is made up of those points in the same way that it is made up of a great many very small pieces of line. A

point is not to be regarded as a *part* of a line, in any sense whatever. It is the boundary between two parts. The parts of a piece of solid room are smaller pieces of solid room, and not surfaces. The parts of a piece of surface are smaller pieces of surface, and not lines. The parts of a piece of line are smaller pieces of line, and not points. So you must be very careful to remember that a line is a different thing from the aggregate of all the points upon it; the points are on the line, but they are not the line itself. And the same distinction must be kept between a surface and all the positions of a line which traces it out; the surface is the place where all the lines are, but it is not the lines themselves. Finally, there are innumerable points and lines and surfaces in solid space; but space itself is essentially a different thing from all of them; which can be traced out by their continuous motion, but cannot be built up by putting them together.

On the whole, then, we must answer *no* to the question that we have discussed. To say that space is made up of points would be to say that space is the same thing as all the points in it, which is certainly untrue. And we may now, I think, without fear of mistake, use the word number in that extended sense which we proposed to give to it. We said, you remember, that in speaking of the number of points in a line, we must mean a great deal more than when we speak of the number of miles; that you can go before coming to the end of space. For this last number is a number of *parts*. Every mile is a part of the whole distance; an immeasurably small part, of course, but still a distance, a thing of the same kind as the whole distance. But the other number is not a number of parts; it is a number of points which trace out a line not by repetition of themselves, but by continuous motion. And the idea which you have to attach to the word number is not to be got from elsewhere, but from the contemplation

of this fact itself. I can recommend it as a very fruitful subject of contemplation, which has led people to the most important discoveries.

The number of points on a piece of line is singly infinite. You understand all this now, excepting the word *singly*. And that is what I am going to explain. Let us consider what is the number of points on a piece of surface. It is at least infinite, for if you draw any line on the surface, all the points on that line must be reckoned, and there is an infinite number of them. But it is more than that. For when you have traced out a line by the continuous motion of a point, you can trace out the surface by the continuous motion of that line; so that first you have an infinite number of points on the line, and then an infinite number of these infinities. Thus you see that the number of points on a piece of surface is twice as infinite as the number of points on a piece of line; or, as we are accustomed to say, the former is doubly infinite, and the latter singly infinite. Let us next consider what is the number of points in a piece of solid space. First you trace out a line by the continuous motion of a point; that gives you a singly infinite number of points. Then you trace out a surface by the continuous motion of that line. This gives you a singly infinite number of such lines, and a doubly infinite number of points. Lastly, you trace out the solid by the continuous motion of the surface. The number of surfaces is then singly infinite. Of lines, there is an infinite number of such infinities; that is, the number of lines is doubly infinite. Of points, there is an infinite number of double infinities; so that the number of points in a piece of solid space is three times as infinite as the number of points in a line. This number is called triply infinite.

In how many directions can I look without moving my head? If I put myself in front of a wall, every point on the surface of the wall is in a definite direction from my eye, and every

direction leads to a definite point on the wall. Thus there are just as many directions as there are points on that surface; that is to say, a doubly infinite number of directions.

How many pairs of points are there on a piece of line? Let the first point move along the line; it will have a singly infinite number of positions. Select one of these, and then let the second point move along the line. It will have an infinite number of positions for each position of the other; thus altogether there will be a doubly infinite number of pairs. In the same way you will find that there is a triply infinite number of sets of three points, or of triads of points, on a piece of line.

All these things can be said in another way. Suppose that all you knew about a point was that it was on a certain line. That would not enable you to identify the point; for you would not know which it was out of a singly infinite number. The point might vary among all the points on the line, and still fulfil the condition of being a point on the line. Still it could only vary in that one way. Such a point is said to have one variation. It is able to move about, but only on a fixed line. But to tell you that the point is on a certain surface would be to tell you less than this, for you would have a doubly infinite number of points to choose from. Suppose the surface traced out by the motion of a line; then the point might lie on any position of the line, and anywhere on the line. It could move along the line, and then the line might move along the surface. Such a point is said to have two variations. If now you are told merely that the point is in a certain region of solid space, you have a triply infinite number of points to choose from, and the point is said to have three variations. It may move along a line, then the line may move on a surface, and then the surface may move in space. Now the three kinds of room are distinguished by the number of dimensions that they

have. Solid-room has three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness. Surface-room has length and breadth but no thickness. Line-room has no breadth or thickness, but only length. So we may now say that a point in space of three dimensions (solid-room) has three variations; a point in space of two dimensions (surface-room) has two variations; and a point in space of one dimension (line-room) has one variation.

You must not suppose, however, that the idea of a number of variations is confined to single points. A pair of points on a line has two variations, for the two points may move independently. A direction in which you can look has two variations; for it may take up a doubly infinite number of positions. And by and by we shall be able to see that a space has four variations; three of position and one of size. In order to identify a thing, you must be told as many facts about it as it has variations. Thus a point on a line is identified if you know one fact about it, say the distance from one end of the line. But to identify a point on the earth's surface you must know two things; for instance, the latitude and the longitude. And to identify a point in space you must know three things;

the latitude, the longitude, and the height.

I dare say, now, that you are rather indignant at being kept so long making perfectly obvious remarks that are true of everything, you may think it is beneath the dignity of human nature to spend all this time in contemplating the size and shape of a piece of wood. Very well; it is written in the fifteenth chapter of the Koran that when Adam was created all the angels were commanded to worship him. But that Eblis, the chief of them, refused, saying, "Far be it from me that am a pure spirit to worship a creature of clay." And that for this refusal he was shut out for ever from Paradise. Now the doom of Eblis awaits you if you fail to give due reverence to these little obvious every-day things; things that are true of every stone that lies on the pavement, of every drop of rain that falls from heaven, of every breath of air that fans you. Like him, you will find with astonishment that the creature of clay which you despise is the Lord of Nature and the Measure of all things, for in every speck of dust that falls lie hid the laws of the universe; and there is not an hour that passes in which you do not hold the Infinite in your hand.

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